

Carmel Pine Cone

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5c PER COPY

WOMAN WHO SWINDLED SHOP WILL BE SENTENCED TODAY

This morning at ten-thirty of the clock, Genevieve M. Paddleford, internationally famous, will be given sentence by Judge Fred A. Treat at the Courthouse in Salinas, for feloniously obtaining goods from Lois Dibrell of the Carmelita Shop here, under false pretense.

It took a jury less than an hour after they had retired to the jury-room to find the woman guilty as charged in the information. The option was before the jury of either acquitting, or finding that a less serious crime than the felony charged had been committed. But Assistant District Attorney Argyll Campbell had presented his evidence carefully and with thoroughness, and had riddled in cross-examination the testimony of the defense.

Genevieve Paddleford was tried under the alias of Mrs. Grace Potter, one of a dozen names, it is alleged, under which she has operated in this country and in Europe. As Grace Potter, she came to a local hotel some three months ago, and began posing as a woman of influence and wealth.

According to the testimony presented at the trial, she purchased a coat at the Carmelita Shop, and paid for it. On the strength of this transaction, and her story that she was having six thousand dollars transferred to her account in a Monterey bank, Mrs. Dibrell let her have goods on charge account until the bill had run up to more than \$600.

Mrs. Dibrell finally became suspicious of this seemingly wealthy purchaser, who always needed more time for her banking connections to be established, and told her story to Campbell, who had Deputy Sheriff L. V. Manning assigned to the job of watching the woman. This was on the 28th of last September.

But the sleuth quickly aroused doubt in the mind of the adventurer. Either he failed to look the part of guest at a Carmel hostelry, or eyed her too serchingly, for after one glance at him the next morn-

(Continued on Page 2)

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR YOU IF YOU CAN PROVE IT

Owners are wanted for considerable, lost still unclaimed, found in the cache up the Carmel river when Ernest W. Lemos slipped through the fingers of the special officers, later to be arrested, tried and sentenced to San Quentin penitentiary at Hollister.

Chief of Police August Englund holds the following articles of jewelry, which the owners may have by proving their claims:

- 1 gold hunting case watch, lady's, with diamond in center of case.
- 1 silver watch, octagonal.
- 1 cameo brooch.
- 1 blue and white stone locket.
- 1 moonstone stick pin.
- 1 High School pin.
- 1 gold knot pin.
- 1 man's diamond ring.
- 1 woman's ruby ring.
- 1 cameo ring.
- 1 gold chain with knife.
- 1 star and crescent pin.
- 1 unset pearl.
- 1 carnelian.

Carmel's Brawny Youths Are Fine Material for Football Teams

Football is in the air and Carmel hasn't been able to resist it any more than any other town or city in America. Local residents have been talking, seeing and hearing football every day during the last three months. Dope has been upset and champions have been made. Those who did not attend the Big Game at Palo Alto last Saturday, saw the fight staged by the Monterey High School team against Santa Cruz for the league championship last Friday. Those who saw neither of these games have been busy watching the development of the Sunset School gridsters in preparing for the crucial game of the season with the Del Monte Military Academy on December 3.

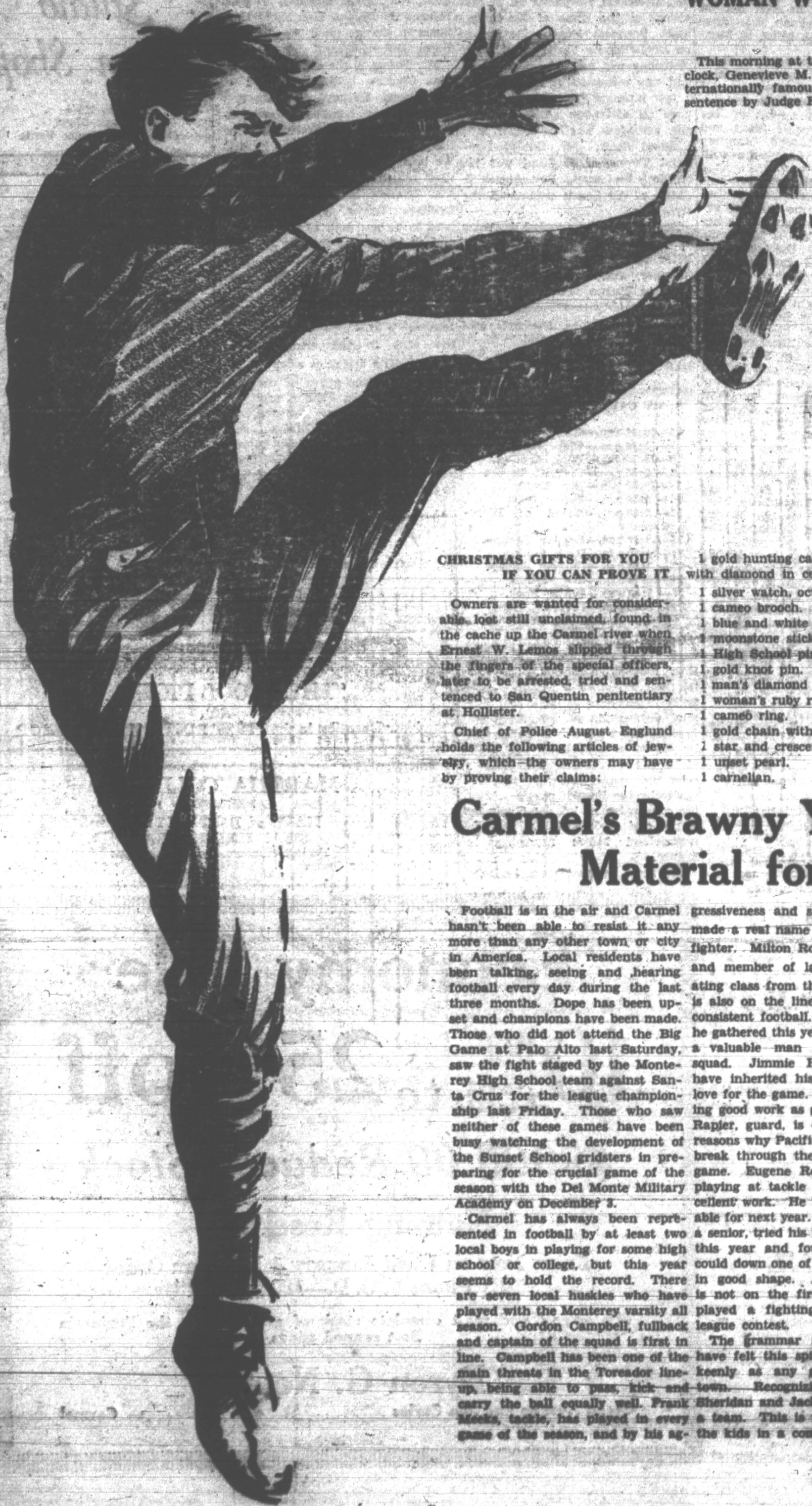
Carmel has always been represented in football by at least two local boys in playing for some high school or college, but this year seems to hold the record. There are seven local huskies who have played with the Monterey varsity all season. Gordon Campbell, fullback and captain of the squad is first in line. Campbell has been one of the main threats in the Toreador lineup, being able to pass, kick and carry the ball equally well. Frank Weeks, tackle, has played in every game of the season, and by his ag-

gressiveness and sure tackling has made a real name for himself as a fighter. Milton Roach, a freshman and member of last year's graduating class from the Sunset School, is also on the line and has played consistent football. The experience he gathered this year will make him a valuable man for next year's squad. Jimmie Hopper, seems to have inherited his famous father's love for the game. He has been doing good work as guard. "Chunky" Rapier, guard, is one of the main reasons why Pacific Grove could not break through the line at the last game. Eugene Roehling has been playing at tackle and is doing excellent work. He will also be valuable for next year. Tommy Warren, a senior, tried his hand at the game this year and found out that he could down one of the end positions in good shape. Although Warren is not on the first string, he has played a fighting game in every league contest.

The grammar school youngsters have felt this spirit of football as keenly as any grown-up in the Stanford. Recognizing this, Frank Sheridan and Jack Eaton organized the kids in a competitive way, but

it is good training for them for their high school days. A series of three games was to be played between this team and the lightweight of the Del Monte Military Academy. Two games have been played and each has ended in a tie. The next game, on December 3, will therefore, be the deciding contest of the season. The winners will receive a cup, provided by Frank Sheridan. The team winning this cup in the best three out of five seasons will keep the trophy permanently.

Of course, all eyes in California were set towards Palo Alto last Saturday afternoon, when Stanford and California met in the Big Game. At least one-half of Carmel deserted their city on that day and hid themselves to the north. Some of the local people who saw the contest were Ernest Schweninger, Paul Flanders, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Whitney, Miss Marcelle Radgesky, Mr. and Mrs. Julian Phillips, Miss Helen Judson, Mr. Harold Thorpe, Miss Helen Willard, Mrs. Jean Woods, Miss Catherine Cooke, D. L. Stanford, Argyll Campbell, Constance Heron Cole, David Prince, Charles Benedict, Paul Jenks, Mr. and Mrs. Levinson, and Frank



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SWINDLER WILL BE SENTENCED TODAY

(Continued from Page 1)

ing, she got her bill at the hotel
desk, asked to have a taxi called,
and went to her room and packed.
Deputy Sheriff Manning went out-
side, waited until the taxi came,
then hid behind it until the woman
entered. Stepping in after her, he
instructed the taximan to drive
them to Campbell's office in Mon-
terey.

It was during this drive, he testi-
fied at the trial, that the woman
offered him a tip of fifty dollars if
he would take a package contain-
ing the clothing involved in the
crime to the Carmelita Shop, and
leave it there. Instead, Manning
escorted her to a conference with
Campbell.

At this time the woman was
known only as Mrs. Grace Potter,
and under that name she was ar-
raigned, and swore that it was her
true and only name. It was while
she was in a cell in the county jail
at Salinas that she was recognized
and finally admitted that she was
Genevieve Paddelford.

That name brought plenty of in-
formation regarding her past life.
It is told that she has been the
wife of three multimillionaires. She
has operated in London, Paris, Ber-
lin, Vienna, New York and eastern
cities, and more recently in Los An-
geles and San Francisco. According
to a letter received from Chief of
Detectives Herman Cline of Los
Angeles, by the sheriff's office, the
woman is still "wanted" there.
Other names that she has found it
convenient to use upon occasion are
Margaret McKinney, Mrs. Ben
Teal, Margaret Kingstreet, Mrs.
Jack Thompson, Genevieve Erwin,
Elinor Toomey and Millicent Mc-
Henley.

At the trial, on the witness stand,
she testified that her rightful name
was Genevieve Paddelford, and un-
der that name she will serve sen-
tence adjudged today by the court.
She made a determined defense.
Russell Scott and Paul Pioda, of the
law firm of Scott and Pioda, with
John Murphy acting as her attor-
neys. The jury was made up of four
women and eight men.

BRIDEGROOM AND ACTOR TALKS TO ART CLUB

The members of the Carmel Art
Association heard an interesting
lecture given last Tuesday night in
the gallery of the Seven Arts Court
by Sigurd Russell of Los Angeles.
Russell, who has been active in lit-
tle theatre work for many years,
has recently completed a "vagabond
journey" around the world with
Ben Legre, and it was of the ex-
periences on this trip that he talk-
ed. He told many amusing incidents
and also talked of some of the in-
teresting people he met.

Russell was formerly head of the
Potboilets Art Theatre company in
Los Angeles and he did active work
with that organization for some
time. Prior to that he was in Car-
mel and produced "Beyond the
Horizon" at the Theatre of The
Golden Bough, with his company of
little theatre players.

WOMAN'S CLUB HOLDS CIVIC EVENTS AFFAIR

The newly formed Current Events
Section of the Carmel Woman's
club met this week at the home of
Mrs. H. S. Nye, with Mrs. Mary Day
Harris presiding. Mrs. Ralph
Skene, who has recently returned
from Europe, talked of what she
saw and heard at the Geneva Arm-
aments Conference, bringing up
some interesting facts about the
situation.

America's stand on the war debt
proposition was the topic of Mrs.
Lichtenthaler's talk, which was fol-
lowed by a heated argument among
the members. Mrs. Hughes started
a discussion on proposed tax re-
duction in the coming Congress.

Mrs. E. K. Elliot contributed
facts about new scientific discover-
ies and Miss Stout brought in some
musical items of interest. Miss J.
M. Gilbertson told of the buying
of two paintings by Rembrandt for
the United States by the Brooklyn
Museum.

The suggested amalgamation of

SIMPLICITY MARKS WEDDING OF PROMINENT YOUNG LADY

The wedding of Miss Annchen
Von Gall and Mrs. Charles Lyn-
hurst Towne was solemnized Thurs-
day afternoon, November 18, at four
o'clock at the home of the bride's
aunt, Baroness Nugent De Delvin
on North Monte Verde street. The
ceremony was marked by simplicity
and was witnessed by relatives and
a few intimate friends. The bride
wore an afternoon gown, and her
only attendant was her cousin, Mrs.
Ashfield Stow. Mr. Robert Lyn-
hurst Towne of England was his
brother's best man. Rev. Austin B.
Chinn of All Saints performed the
ceremony.

The bride is the adopted daughter
of the late Baroness von Gall, the
latter of whom was Miss Lucille
Younger, and formerly made her
home in Vienna. For the last sev-

eral years she has lived with her
aunt, Baroness Nugent de Delvin,
and her daughter, Mrs. Ashfield
Stow, the former Baroness Virginia
Nugent de Delvin, also made their
home in Europe until the death of
Baron Nugent several years.

Mr. Towne is the son of Col. and
Mrs. Charles Lynhurst Towne of
Wymbleton, England, who are now
making their home in Marseilles,
France. Since the World War he
has lived in Carmel, where he and
his bride will make their home on
their return from their honeymoon.
Mr. Towne's brother, Mr. Robert
Lynhurst Towne, came from Eng-
land to be best man at the wedding
and an uncle who lives in Los An-
geles and has been visiting in Eng-
land, returned to California in time
to be present at the wedding.

three Carmel clubs, the Arts and
Crafts, Woman's club and P. T. A.
was discussed but no action was
taken by the group.

CALENDAR FOR DECEMBER OF CARMEL WOMAN'S CLUB

- 1-10:00 a.m.—Garden Section.
- 5-2:30 p.m.—Club Meeting.
- 7-10:30 a.m.—Book Section.
- 9-2:30 p.m.—Current Topics.
- 12-10:30 a.m.—Are Section.
- 13-2:30 p.m.—Junior Book.
- 13-2:30 p.m.—Board of Direc-
tors.
- 15-10:00 a.m.—Garden Section.
- 21-10:30 a.m.—Book Section.
- 23-2:30 p.m.—Current Topics.
- 27-10:00 a.m.—Are Section.
- 27-2:30 p.m.—Junior Book.
- 29-8:00 p.m.—Forum.

Conrad Imelman returned this
week to Carmel after spending
three months in Europe. Imelman
left San Francisco with the thou-
sands of delegates to the Ninth An-
nual Convention of the American
Legion that was held in Paris, and
he comes back with glowing tales
of his experiences and of the gener-
osity and courtesy afforded the de-
legates by the French people. After
the convention he left for Berlin by
plane and visited there and in
Switzerland before returning to
France.

The most impressive event of the

convention to Carmel's delegate was
the visit to the cemeteries in
France. The delegates attended the
ceremony at the grave of the Un-
known Soldier in France, and also
the services at the Notre Dame
Cathedral in France. Imelman said
that for the first time in the history
of France, the Star Spangled Ban-
ner was played to open the services
in this cathedral.

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Law Suits Involve Property in Carmel

At Salinas, a suit to quiet title to forty acres of land in section 29, township 24 south, range 15 east, was commenced in the superior court yesterday by Percy and Jeanette Parkes, of Carmel. J. A. Cornett, as administrator of the estate of Kalman Kovats, deceased, is named in the complaint as defendant.

Another suit to quiet title commenced yesterday is that of Maude Isabel Hogle against Forrest M. Pearce, as administrator of the estate of Charlotte Lowy, deceased. The property affected is two lots in the fourth addition to Carmel.

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This Week's Message from Frank's

SPEAKING OF WATCHES:
—Reminds us of another Scotch joke we heard the other day.

Sandy MacBae, after being shown to his room in a hotel, looked from the window and noticed a large illuminated clock in a tower across the street. He stopped his watch—!

But laying all jokes aside, we have the largest selection of

Wrist Watches

for you to choose from that has ever been shown in Carmel. We carry them in Waltham, Elgin, Bulova and other makes, at prices to fit your pocket book.

Let us supply your needs in this line.

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PLAID
MOTTLED
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PLAIN COLORS

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Lois Dibrill

Carmel-By-The-Sea

The Black Sheep

THE BLACK SHEEP . . . a new critical department which does not promise to behave itself any too well. (The PINE CONE looks upon its new pet with a tentative and yet an already somewhat fond eye, disclaiming beforehand any approval of whatever putting its sprouting new horns may do. The Black Sheep has so recently strayed in from other pastures that there is no knowing what tricks it may be up to, or what faux pas it may make, ignorant as it is of the customs and the "we-point-with-pride" of Carmel. Yet, although it can scarcely be foretold whether the Black Sheep will bleat, snort, or mew, we know it to be young, fearless, honest, and vital. And trusting life, we hope.)

The BLACK SHEEP, which, like youth, under its mask of flippancy and satire, is really shy and intensely serious, regards its function here as the simple, true recording of reactions and an occasional conviction or so, with the purpose of an ultimately creative criticism of life and the arts.

Its editor invites correspondence on all subjects, controversial, and otherwise.

IN SOME ASPECTS the Black Sheep is a perfect lamb.

AND THEN IN OTHERS it is more like The Cat That Walked By Himself. And as it prowls about, sniffing and sniffing for green pastures, it wonders many things. New to Carmel, and not yet saturated with its atmosphere, its reactions remain still fresh and unhabituated.

With delight it finds in Carmel as a community a set of life values quite other than those apparent in the average community. Or perhaps it is simply a community where those values normal to the undistorted human being can be more freely achieved . . . a simple, natural, unpretending life, lived without too great a diverging of levels, social and financial, whose disharmony in a community brings about so much psychic discomfort.

The Black Sheep has seen ladies taking their afternoon walk among the pine trees, in white kid gloves. An insistence upon urban symbols? Yet there was also their opposite to see—a charming lady at an evening concert, her feet softly and naturally clad in old elk-skin sandals. It is comfortable to live in a town where no patterns of behavior are set, and no conformities demanded—so that there is escape from that scourge of small towns—the social rigidity and the standardization which are death to the individual.

AND YET, the horrible question ponderously asks itself in the mind of the Black Sheep—is Carmel, on the other hand, a trifle guilty, in spots, of "artiness"?

But of this, more anon.

The recital of Imre Weisshaus in the Theatre of the Golden Bough illustrates sharply the need of modern artists for a more highly developed listening technique on the part of their audiences. So rare still are performances of altogether contemporary music, that those who must make up its listeners have had too little opportunity to learn the modern musical vocabularies (one might almost call them, in addition, the new musical religions), a knowledge of which is essential to adequate listening. An artist and his audience are thus generations apart.

This puts the performer at a tremendous disadvantage before them. It was doubtless to offset this that Weisshaus began his program with an ancient composition, a concerto of Vivaldi, a contemporary of Bach. This would give them something to "bite on," something with a familiar flavor.

Incidentally, it also gave a preparatory indication of his pianistic attitude—the long-drawn rubato of the first movement, contradicting the classic intention of a restrained tempo there; the lingering upon single tones as though there were some essential secret of beauty to find in each, apparently and apart from its relationships with its harmonic fellows.

Later on, as the program progressed into the modern numbers, the hearer found himself asking, again and again, "Why does he linger thus upon the single tone? What is he discovering there—pointing out so markedly to us?" For it is evident that he hears something there which is inaudible, impalpable, to the rest of us. Otherwise this worship of the isolated tone or interval—the seventh, the augmented octave—with its slight variants which are simply non-harmonic replacing of the same interval elsewhere upon the toneboard, must be simply comical. One could see the ancients not only turning in their graves, but revolving rapidly.

The demand of modern music upon the listener grows enormous. The payment of a fee at the door is the merest detail of his obligation. He must come prepared with

understanding as well. If upon arrival we cooperate no more actively than to restrain the squeaks of our armchair, and perceive before us only a tall and very young man playing his instrument well, turning afterwards to our neighbor with, "Well, how did you like it?" we fail in our obligation. The more difficult question to answer is, "How do you listen?" Even "Can you hear it at all?"

For as contemporary music moves further and further away from the simple, direct, type of communication which made the old music so easy to apprehend, it becomes increasingly evident that music is only incidentally sound. Sound is the medium upon which the actual music is carried, the vehicle on which it is borne. The music is something else. What that something is, is for the artist to communicate, the listener to apprehend from him.

It must be admitted that Weisshaus as a person gave his audience very little help in this cooperative adventure of musical experience. His youth perhaps explains this. He bore the same solemn attitude towards his instrument throughout—from the Hungarian Folk music to the stinging electric Sonata of Kadessa. His personal expression was blank as aluminum—all communication of his own inner musical mood rigidly restrained—although it was evident that each tone was dear to him, long before he struck it. He listened to each in anticipation. And yet it was somewhat as though one had to present a funeral behavior at a performance of the Rhapsody in Blue, that brilliant arch-expression of musical satire upon American life. There were active inward nervous reactions which were contradicted by so solemn a spectacle. How to react, without the least clue from the artist? One would not risk a laugh, but might one smile? Or might one not?

One dared not, after all. The safest thing to do was to applaud. For the very thought—objection of the compositions on the

program seemed remote from the usual and the known. What was it all about? New emotional and mental attitudes seem indicated. There is a play also with sounds—as such, which seems sometimes almost childlike—like a babe discovering its own ten toes. The compositions of Kadessa have a nervous quality, an intense inner restlessness, which communicates itself strongly to the audience. By comparison, the music of Bartok moves with calmness and mature poise.

By the time Bartok, Kodaly, and Kadessa, had been heard, the audience was somewhat acclimated. Although there would, of course, be some, after the concert, to damn it completely and flatly, it was by now evident that Weisshaus is totally in earnest in the possession of his musical convictions. His own group was therefore listened to with something very much like sympathy, on the part of an audience frankly able to understand music only in a more familiar language. The compositions of Weisshaus appealed perhaps more directly than had the preceding groups, for they gave an impression of pure sensuousness unhampered by intellectuality—as though they were simply play with the physical beauty of tone itself—meaningless but exquisite.

Arduous as it may be to listen adequately to such programs as this and difficult to pierce the mists and electric storms of tone, it is evident that what we need next is, not less, but more, of such music commonly heard among ourselves. It is a total evasion to answer to such a recital that we prefer the music of Bach, Beethoven, Brahms. For until we can enter fully and understandingly into the very intention of this music, we have still not heard it at all.

Modern music is moving with enormous rapidity. The child has grown up—and his aunt does not easily recognize in the lanky boy of

today, the dear chubby child of old. To understand this strange new creature is a difficult and delicate task. But the effort must be actively made. It will require large quantities of intent listening, until the new speech is familiar and intelligible to us. Otherwise there is little else for us musically, but to enjoy our rocking chair and our knitting.

Illinois, is visiting his brother, H. F. Dickinson, at his home on the Point.

Cut flowers for Thanksgiving at the Carmel Florists. Chrysanthemums, Carnations, Roses, Violets, Larkspur, Calendulas, Marigolds, cut Berry branches, also a variety of potted plants in flower—Ady.

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Artists and Writers and Such

TALKS ABOUT EDUCATION AND MAKES YOU LIKE IT

Jesse Lynch Williams is one of the few writers who has had the unique pleasure of reviewing a book of his own. It was back in the old days when Williams was a "club" reporter on the New York "Sun," and a book of his Princeton stories had just been published. The young reporter's editor handed him the book one morning with the order to "give it a couple of sticks out of it." Williams tells us that he came back the next day with three fourths of a column which told of the value and interest of the book in glowing terms. In some places he criticized the writer severely, but ended the article by saying: "and we hope to see more and better things from this talented young writer." It was not until some years after this that the editor found out who the "talented young writer" was.

In reading of American authors one finds that nine out of ten of them receive their early experiences on a newspaper. Williams is no exception to this. After graduating from Princeton he began as a reporter on the Dana's New York Sun, and Williams says that he learned more about writing working six months on this paper than he ever learned at Princeton.

"Why? Because those copy readers knew how to write, and a criticism from one of them meant far more to me than a criticism from any professor at Princeton," explained Williams. Not that he thinks a college education is "bunk." Although a student may spend four years at a university and not acquire much knowledge, the contacts that he makes and the experience of college are things that mean much in later life, he said.

"Of course a college education is not necessary for every one. It is

far more important for a man who intends to go into the business world than it is for an artist, because the business man will make associations which will be important after college. The man who intends to be an artist will be side-tracked at college unless he has the idea firmly implanted, and is determined to follow it up."

Williams said that as far as actual experience goes, the man with a college education and the actual newspaper experience has a decided advantage over the man with only the actual experience. Of course there are many exceptions to this rule, as is always the case with rules, he said, and when you come right down to it, it is the case of the individual himself.

Williams discussed the ideas of a certain well known writer and college professor who has made the statement that if he had a son he would send him to some remote place for a year with a number of books on every important subject under the sun, instead of sending him to college. When this boy came back he would know far more than the average student learns in four years, this professor says. Williams said that here lies the difference between education and information, and in his opinion, no normal minded boy would profit by a year in the wilderness with only books to keep him company.

"Education is one of the most important arts," declared Williams. "It is just as important as rearing children. The lectures a student is forced to go to should not be made dull. They should be inspiring to the boy and girl and should contain some sort of emotional uplift. If a student is furious about some statement a professor may make, so

much the better, for that shows that the man is capable of getting one reaction at least."

This author said that in his days at Princeton, he had two intensely inspiring professors—Woodrow Wilson and Dean West. These men were enemies but each succeeded in getting a "rise" out of the students. Men of this type, and men who are specialists in one subject and make that subject dull and uninteresting mark the distinction between scholars and teachers. Scholarship is really too precious a thing to be wasted on students, said Williams. It is a thing that should be locked up and kept away from mankind. The average man and woman is not interested in this phase of education.

Williams is of the opinion that newspapers have changed radically in the last twenty years or so, and the change has been for the worse. Instead of being the expression of a great individual, a paper is merely a business enterprise. In making this statement, he says that he is not an advocate of the "good old days" and that he thinks many American institutions have changed for the better. Acting in this country has certainly advanced, he says. People have said to him, after hearing this, that he "ought to have seen Edwin Booth." The fact is that he did see Edwin Booth and he still maintains that American drama has advanced in many ways.

The younger generation, says Williams, is also far more interesting than the generation of the "gay nineties" period. The girls are far more interesting and they are getting out into the world and doing things on a par with men.

Jesse Lynch Williams began writing while he was still in college. One day he was scheduled to play tennis with friends and a sudden rain interrupted the game. He went to his rooms and said to himself, "Now is the time to write that story." The story happened to be for a literary contest sponsored by the school magazine. Much to his surprise, Williams was awarded fifteen dollars for his story, and it was printed in the paper. He said he was more thrilled and elated over this honor than anything that has ever come to him since.

"There may be such a thing as inspiration," he said, "but I think most of the honors come through perspiration. Good hard work is a recipe for anybody who wants to work." He told of Alice Duer Miller, a well known writer and friend of his, who lives with something she intends to write for several months, and works out every phase of it, even to the dialogue, before she begins the actual writing of it.

Since he has been in the west, Williams has had hard luck with short stories. As soon as he starts to write one, they turn into novels. He explains this phase of his writing by saying that his stories grow, as everything else does in the west, to a far greater size than was expected.

PANTALEIEFF'S SING FOR SUNSET SCHOOL CHILDREN

Max Pantaleieff, Russian baritone, and his wife, Consuelo Cloos, entertained the children of the Sunset school with a delightful program last Friday afternoon in the school auditorium. Mrs. Harry B. Shepard chairman of the music committee of the P. T. A. was in charge of the program. The Pantaleieffs gave a

series of recitals in Carmel during the summer, and are now living in San Francisco.

The music committee has been doing some excellent work this year by presenting fine programs to the children, and that the youngsters really appreciate music is shown by their whole hearted applause and by their attentiveness during the programs.

Pantaleieff sang entirely in Russian, and his "Song of the Pies" by Moussorgsky proved to be the most popular number of the afternoon with the children. Cavatine, Valentin's song from Gounod's "Faust" and Tchaikowsky's Pilgrim Song were given with the great depth of power and tone that have won him praise throughout Europe, America and the Orient.

Consuelo Cloos won her audience not only by her rich contralto voice, but also by her charming and simple manner. She sang "A Prayer to Our Lady" by Donald Ford, "Song of the Shepherd Lehl" and "A Southern Song" by Landon Ronald. Mrs. Shepherd accompanied the singers in a masterful way.

CARMELITES WHO ARE IN CURRENT MAGAZINES

Carmel is well represented in current magazines this month, as listed at the Seven Arts. Authors who live here or have lived here at some time have a number of articles and stories in the magazines. Upton Sinclair has an article in the new Bookman, entitled "Mr. Mencken Calls on Me"; Benjamin de Cassares writes of Robinson Jeffers in the Bookman. His article is "Robinson Jeffers, Tragic Terror." "The Man Who Short-Changed Himself" is the title of an article in the Overland Monthly by Charles Caldwell Dobie. Many other writers are represented in this issue of the Overland, which was dedicated to the memory of George Sterling. Some of them are James Hopper, Mary Austin and Robinson Jeffers, who contributed a poem to the memory of his friend.

ART ASSOCIATION TO GIVE LECTURE COURSE

A motion rescinding the action taken by the members of the Carmel Art Association at the business meeting two weeks ago was passed at the meeting of the board of directors of the association last week. At the business meeting a motion was passed to the effect that one dollar should be charged from the artists at each exhibition. The directors objected to this action.

It was announced at the directors' meeting that a list of lectures is being prepared and that one of these will be held each month. The entire course will be announced as soon as possible. An effort is being made to have Pedro Lemos, president of the association, listed as one of the first speakers of the series. The opening reception for the Thumb Nail Exhibition will be held Saturday afternoon, December

3. Artists are requested to send in sketches for this exhibition by November 20, and also to take down the paintings from the present show on the same day. The thumb nail exhibit will last through the month of December.

Frank Calvin of Los Angeles visited his mother, Mrs. F. T. Calvin

Mr. M. F. Dickinson of Rockford, in Carmel last week end.

Read these names: Hollyhocks, Delphinium, Perennial Phlox, Michaelmas Daisies, Columbine, Campanula, Pansy, Viola, Lobelia. If you need any in your garden, see the Carmel Florists.—Adv.

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AMONG THE ARTISTS



Maynard Dixon is putting the finishing touches on his paintings of a new country up in northern Nevada. Dixon recently spent some time there and returned to San Francisco with about 60 canvases depicting its crags and mountain mesas for the first time.

Stanley Wood is exhibiting water colors at Vickery, Atkins and Torrey's in San Francisco. Aline Kistler of the San Francisco Chronicle says of him: "Mr. Wood's paintings are colorful and full of the zest of life. He paints with clear, deft strokes which result in an unusual strength for work in this medium. His subjects are varied, ranging from boats and the water's edge to circus tents and carnival figures."

"Among the outstanding paintings are 'The Gypsy,' 'The Summit,' 'Under the Wharf,' 'Circus Wagon' and 'The White Rock at Point Lobos.' Stanley Wood lives in Carmel and most of his painting is done on the Monterey Peninsula. One of the things exhibited is a panorama map of the Carmel country.

"This is the third exhibit that Mr. Wood has held in San Francisco. During the last year he met with considerable success in the east. He exhibited at the Babcock Gallery in New York, The New York Junior League, The Brooklyn Museum, and the Chicago Art Institute. The Brooklyn Museum bought 'The Cypress Tree.'"

An exhibition of etchings is being shown now at the East-West Gallery in San Francisco, by the Chicago Society of Etchers. This exhibition is replacing the Diego Rivera show at the gallery.

M. De Neale Morgan has returned to her Carmel studio after exhibiting a group of her paintings at the Benjamin Franklin Hotel in San Mateo. Contradicting an article that appeared in a San Francisco paper regarding the poor lighting of the exhibition room, Miss Morgan states that the lighting was perfectly satisfactory and her paintings were shown to good advantage. The exhibition lasted from October 29 to

November 12, and about forty scenes of the Monterey Peninsula comprised the show. There were several other small scenes that were not hung in the gallery.

An exhibition of widely contrasting work is being held at the Palo Alto Public Library by the members of the Palo Alto Art club. Perhaps the most striking of the exhibits are the murals, "The Rocks Off Carmel Bay" and "The Spanish Explorers" by Pedro Lemos. They are treated decoratively with brilliant coloring. Other pictures exhibited are "Gray Sage" by James Swinnerton, "Self-Portrait" by Charlotte Mytton, "Peggy" by Elizabeth Norton, "The Playhouse" by H. M. Stedman and "Indian Child and Woman" by Helen Forbes.

M. Konapacki, internationally known artist of Bremen, Germany, who was recently in Carmel, numbers among his recent paintings a portrait of San Francisco's mayor, James Rolph, which has caused much comment.

M. De Neale Morgan is exhibiting a group of small paintings and thumb nail sketches at her studio this week. The exhibition opened Wednesday and will last through the month of December. Her studio will be open to visitors from 2 to 5 every afternoon and by appointment in mornings and evenings. The sketches are all of Carmel subjects and are suitable for Christmas gifts.

WINTER JAMBOREE

December 3 is the date set for the mid-winter jamboree to be given by the Boy Scout Troops of the entire Monterey Peninsula. The events will be held on the football field of the Monterey high school and competition will be held between all the troops in athletic as well as scouting events. The Carmel Boy Scout troop is busy at work now on drilling for the event. In order to keep the efficiency pennant which they have won at the last two rallies. Events will start at ten in the morning and continue until three o'clock in the afternoon.

At the last meeting of the scouts, the committee from the Carmel Masonic Club presented medals for knot-tying, signalling, fire by friction and for the highest individual point winner. The medals were on display all of last week at the Carmel Realty Company Office. The boys who received medals were Bain Roemer and Scott Douglass for signalling, Ambrose Love for fire by friction, Charles Grimshaw for knot-tying and also for the highest individual point winner, and Paul Taylor for salesmanship.

M. J. Murphy has already begun the work on the new fireplace in the Scout Hut, and an announcement has been made by Scoutmaster W. H. Norman that with the completion of the fireplace, a "house warming" will be held to which all friends of the troop will be invited.

NOTICE

Leola Tucker has an exhibit of photographic portraits at Rose Campbell's Shop in 7 Arts Court—"The Wishing Well." Orders will be taken there. TUCKER STUDIOS, SAN JOSE—Adv.

MUSIC CLUB BEGINS SEASON WITH HART HOUSE QUARTET

The Carmel Music Society, of which Mrs. Edward A. Kluegel is president, feels that it is fortunate in being able to present for its initial concert, the Hart House String Quartette at the Theatre of the Golden Bough on December 9. Three other attractions of recognized excellence will follow, names and dates of which will be announced later. The other officers of this new organization are Mrs. Henry F. Dickinson, 1st vice president; Mrs. John O'Shea, 2nd vice president; Eugene A. Watson, secretary, and Henry F. Dickinson, treasurer.

The marvellous beauty of a single instrument perfectly played—this is the achievement of the Hart House String Quartet. Four great artists, while retaining their individual powers of interpretation, have developed that exquisite cooperation which makes the string quartet the most enchanting of ensembles.

Here is perfection of tone, excellent lyric quality, vigorous, accurate and dynamic rendition, and rarest of all, unanimity of musical understanding and aim.

The Hart House String Quartet takes its name from Hart House, which was built and presented to the University of Toronto by the Massey Foundation as a unique center of fine arts. During the past season the Quartet gave seventy-four concerts, covering a territory from the Atlantic coast to the Rocky Mountains.

The Quartet was formed by Geza Dekres, who formerly led his own quartet in Bucharest for the late Queen, Carmen Sylva, and by Boris Hambourg, the celebrated cellist

who had played a conspicuous part in the musical life of London. After mature deliberation they completed the quartet by adding two outstanding Canadian musicians, Harry Adaskin and Milton Blackstone, who had all the qualities essential to quartet playing in its highest form.

The Springfield Union recently commented editorially: "Canada has scored a notable artistic victory through the enterprise shown by the University of Toronto in securing a permanent endowment for the Hart House Quartet. Removed from the pressure of continuous financial necessity, this ensemble is in a position to concentrate on purely musical accomplishment. The United States shares in the benefits of this endowment, for fully a third of the quartet's engagements for the coming year are on this side of the international boundary."

CHASE'S PAINTINGS SHOWN IN SAN DIEGO GALLERY

The board of directors of the Fine Arts Society of San Diego has sent out invitations for an initial view of paintings by William Merritt Chase. The Chase pictures have been loaned by the Newhouse Galleries of Los Angeles. Chase was, for a summer, instructor at the Arts and Crafts Summer School of Art at Carmel a number of years ago. There will also be a collection of American paintings loaned by Mrs. Henry A. Everett of Pasadena.

ON THEIR WAY IN THE TRAVELING BOOKSHOP Mr. and Mrs. Francis E. Collins left Carmel the first of the week

for their tour through the western part of the country in the "Vagabond Book Shop." They expect to be gone for at least six months, and will buy and sell books along the way. They are carrying about one thousand volumes with them—late novels, first editions and rare books. They left Carmel and will travel toward the south, but they have no destination in mind.

The "house on wheels" is equipped with every modern convenience and travel will be as simple in rain and snow as it is in sunny, warm weather. Collins stated that if they reach a place that appeals to them they will "park there as long as they please."

WOMAN'S CLUB FORUM HOLDS BIG SESSION

Drama, poetry and music were skillfully blended to form a perfect evening's entertainment at Thursday night's Forum of the Carmel Woman's club. An audience that comfortably filled the Pine Inn dining room heard Neville Brush read selections from the works of several Carmel writers, with musical background for a portion of the poetry supplied by Thomas Vincent Cator, Carmel composer. Miss Helen Rosenkrans, director of the Forum, presided.

Two scenes from Jesse Lynch Williams' "Why Not?" opened the program, followed by an excerpt from Martin Flavin's "Brains." The latter was especially well done, the reader's characterization of the supercilious Britisher, dour Scot and irascible Cockney being highly effective.

"Pog," "Birds," and "Vices" by Robinson Jeffers were followed by the late George Sterling's "Beyond the Breakers," "Lilith" and "Tidal King of Nations," with original accompaniment by Cator. Mr. Brush is planning to present

scenes by radio and Mr. Cator is at work on a male chorus arrangement of "Tidal King of Nations" which is expected to be broadcast over the National Broadcasting company's chain in the near future. Cator's setting for "Beyond the Breakers" was composed at the request of Sterling and vastly enhanced the effectiveness of the spoken word.

Margie Johnson, one time resident of Carmel and a former editor of the Dial, spent a few days here recently visiting with friends.

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SAN FRANCISCO STILL HOME OF BOHEMIA, IN ITS BEST SENSE

By M.E.G. in Christian Science Monitor

In the gray dawn I have sought the deck that I might see the rosy flush of coming day over the western hills as we enter the far-famed portal, that I might glory in the first rays of the swiftly ascending sun as they gleam upon the white houses spread over the hillside and penetrate into the crowded valleys, that I might breathe once more the atmosphere of romance that clothes it all and hear the

"Vague and murmurous sounds the breezes bear,
A thousand subtle breaths of balm
Blown shoreward from the tales of calm
And in upon the tranced air,"

when,—

"Muffling all its giant roar,
The restless waste of waters, rolled to one broad sea of liquid gold,
Moves, singing up the shining shore."

How I rejoice in it all once more, after ten years of absence, in the well-remembered beauty and "indi-

viduality" of San Francisco City! And how it still lives here, that true individuality, subtle, elusive, defying analysis, yet ever the same. Other cities may alter, standardization may mold them into a single pattern, yet this one is, as it seems to me, the city of old, of the brave days of high adventure and rare courage, of "this flaming days lived round a golden shrine," of the days of the clipper ships and the Vigilantes, of the resolute endeavor and the daring quest. It is still the city of those later and scarce less fascinating days when Bret Harte wrote editorials for a country weekly and Joaquin Miller struggled undismayed for recognition, when Robert Louis Stevenson wandered penniless about Portsmouth Square, when Ambrose Bierce's cutting satire caused wailing and gnashing of teeth among some of the highly placed of the golden city, when Ina Coolbrith's charming verse delighted the whole Nation, when Frank Norris fought to free his native State from political shackles, when Jack London was striving to crowd four years into two at Berkeley, and when Rudyard Kipling was an honored guest of the Bohemian Club.

San Francisco and its Bohemian! For the confident city by the Golden Gate is yet, as she ever has been, the "Bohemian" city of America; Bohemian, I mean to say, in the best sense, in the sense of good fellowship, freedom from artificiality and hind-bound convention, in warmth of hospitality and in that indefinable charm which is characteristic of a few cities here and there about the world. How much of it still remains! The environment of Portsmouth Square is somewhat altered, yet not so much that one cannot sit upon its benches and feel himself back in the days when Stevenson sat there. Where stood the old Bella Union Theater, the "Bella Union Hotel" of Stewart Edward White's colorful story, "The Gray Dawn," there is a Chinese restaurant now; but many of the adjacent buildings are unchanged, and it is not difficult to construct something of the atmosphere of the days when Portsmouth Square was the busy center of that

"City where the restless multitude,
Between the eastern and the western deep,
Had roared gigantic fabrics strong and rude."

And in the reading-room of the Bohemian Club, that world-famous organization which the California pioneers established, pretty nearly coincidently with the birth of the city itself as a city, one may encounter even yet a "native son" who can tell the early history of San Francisco in such a vivid, regital as no book has yet achieved. Here, also, the atmosphere of the old days endures. Here have come the noted of the world in all lines of endeavor, the great, the almost great and the very great, and have been entertained at the "Bohemian." Here Rudyard Kipling and Theodore Roosevelt have made after-dinner speeches that are traditions. And many a lesser person, struggling for

recognition in fields of artistic effort, has been welcomed, that he might find inspiration in the associations of a place where gathered the great of his craft.

But the true story of San Francisco, of San Francisco and its "Bohemians," too, has, it seems to me, never been rightly told, many and varied as have been the attempts. "The Gray Dawn" drew, with historical accuracy and in vivid detail, the picture of those "flaming Fifties," but much of the imaginative part of the story was woefully weak. Yet there is more to the tale of San Francisco than that, of the San Francisco from the days of '49 to the present. There is the tale of the amazing rebuilding, of the glorious Panama-Pacific exhibition, and of the world-admired city of today. There is romance in San Francisco's every street, there is piquant association at every turning. There is physical charm on every hand, from the glorious view from Telegraph Hill on a May morning to a September sunset over the Golden Gate. Something of Harte and Miller and Stevenson and Stoddard and London lingers in the atmosphere they wove about the golden city, and the benign face of R.L.S. still regards the visitor to the halls of the Bohemian Club.

Early Morning At Carmel

By ADA BROWNELL FRENCH

Athril
I am,
Exuberant—
On dewy morn—
As I leap
From gnarled root to gnarled root
Exposed at foot of pines
On shadowed, meandering pathways
At Carmel.

Aquiver
I am
As I pause, listening
To muffled ocean roar, the rhythmic beat—
And cry of bird—
"Caw, caw," he salutes me,
Cocking a bright eye,
Then flapping away,
Hither and yon,
In the tree tops.

Enthralled
I am
By wispy gauze of smoke
Glimmerous with sunbeams
Lacing a thicker clump of trees;
Just a glimpse
Of blue, blue sea
In vista and
White of rock
A stretch of sand.

Enthralled
I am
By almost hidden shanty,
Another and another
Fashioned in artistry,
Roof lines dipping crazily,
A bit of red, a bit of blue,
Perhaps
A bit of yellow, too,
On window, door or gateway.

Aware
I am
Of an approaching female,
Artist—or would-be—
Pale, languid, heavy eyed,
Gauguin she looks, cadaverous,
Wild her hair;
A lean finger she points, heavily, in greeting,
"There's my shack," she sighs.

Startled
I am
For she suddenly walks from her trance.

Through the boughs a pair of pants
Is seen to swing into her doorway.
She leaves us hurriedly, flinging,
"That's Water-Cress (the man's
nick name)
Come for a sip of coffee,
To start the days a-dress."

Ah, me—
Ah, me—

CARMEL LAD WALKS BALL OVER GOAL LINE

Gordon Campbell, captain of the Monterey High School football team, was the hero of last Friday afternoon when he scored a touchdown that won the day for the locals, when they met the Santa Cruz team in the battle for the League championship. The score came late in the second quarter and Monterey had the ball on the ten yard line. The signal called for a fake reverse, completely baffling the Cardinals who raced after Parker on the other end of the line. Gordy carried the ball half hidden and stepped over the goal line with no interruptions. The entire game was a battle from start to finish.

The Toreadors will meet the San Mateo team next Saturday in a game for the C.I.F. championship, on the Monterey field.

Mrs. Kissam Johnson and daughter are now occupying the Firefly cottage on South Carmelo street.

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Franz Ludwig's Musical Digest

By Thomas Vincent Cator

Horace Britt, cellist, who used to be a frequent visitor in Carmel when he was with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, and who is now a member of the Letz quartet in New York, has just completed a tour of Spain. He is looking forward to a spring on the Pacific Coast, and is meanwhile busy in New York with appearances and recitals with the quartet.

Esther Dale, soprano, who is concertizing in England, France and Germany, has been appointed by the city of Vienna as American member of an international committee to assist in the plans for a Schubert memorial.

Dimitri, the dancer, who specializes in impressionistic creations, is presenting a recital in Carnegie Hall this month, sharing the program with Helen Jeffrey, violinist.

Telly d'Aranyi, violinist, and grand niece of the great Joachim, is making her New York debut recital in Town Hall.

Fokine and Fokina, aided by a company of seventy dancers, gave the first of a series of entertainments at the Century Theatre recently, with the ballet-drama, Cleopatra, as the "piece de resistance." In speaking of Mme. Fokina's interpretations of two solo numbers, Phoenix, and La Reve de la Marquise, the Herald Tribune remarks that "their grace, precision, correctness of form, agility and vitality were variously evident."

Amelita Galli-Curci, soprano, filled Carnegie Hall, and four hundred extra seats were placed on the stage, for her first concert of the season.

John McCormack made an appearance in Carnegie Hall in the latter part of October, before a monster audience that showed its enthusiasm in no uncertain terms.

Here are a couple of excerpts from the papers:

"The peak of the evening was his Panis Angelicus of Franck, sung in tenderness and devotion and purity of style."—Herald Tribune.

"A skill which begins where that of many singers ends. Consummate breath control, free flow of tone, immaculate attack, purity of pitch, beauty of quality, a fastidious vocal style."—Richard L. Stokes in The Evening World.

Franz Liszt's pianos have just arrived in New York to find a resting place for a while with their maker, Chickering & Sons.

Leopold Stokowski, noted director of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, is on a tour of the Orient in search of Eastern music to be heard by Western ears.

The Pan Alley, where they turn out jazz by the yard, is going to erect a statue to Stephen Foster, the father of American folksong.

Dorothy Benjamin Caruso, widow of the greatest tenor the world has ever known, is to marry Alexander P. Moore in January. Moore was formerly the husband of the famous Lillian Russell.

John Howard Payne was the composer of "Home Sweet Home." He lived in East Hampton, Long Island, and the villagers of that town have just bought what was his home to save it for future generations.

The National Federation of Music Clubs has just appointed Dudley Buck chairman of the voice department for its biennial contest in 1929. By the way—let's hope the new Carmel Music Club will affiliate with the National Federation.

Mrs. John Hunt, after a three months' visit in the East with friends, has returned to her home in Carmel.

WHAT WE DO TO NATURE AND CLAIM THAT WE LOVE IT

By Virginia Ballen

If the Yosemite or the Grand Canyon were cut up into small acreages and sold to individual grantees the ordinary landholder would at once begin improvements. Brush would be cleared out, trees would be cut down, weeds would be burned, swamps would be filled in and rivers changed and polluted. And this without the excuse of agricultural necessity, but merely to jibe with the impertinences of a country estate. Feather-duster palms would soon adorn the top of El Capitan, eucalyptus trees would of course be planted along Bright Angel trail, and the spineless cactus border the banks of the Merced. I use these trees and plants figuratively. They would not survive at the named stations, to prove the refined taste of civilized man, but other atrocities better suited to the climate would.

And if Palm Canyon, that loveliest oasis in a light-painted desert, passed out of its present holding into the tampering hands of the ordinary land owner, who can doubt but that some kind of an Australian blue gum, or Kamchatkan pines would not be planted speedily, to push aside the leaning trunk-thatched fan palms and dispute their picturesque and native right to the water-holes.

The hand of man is an itching, destructive thing. The brain of man exercises itself upon the fair earth, as the brain of a child wreaks havoc upon its toys. Nothing must stand as it stood before the advent of man's possession. The exquisite composition of the ages is torn apart so that he may grow over his balanced blocks, over the fences proclaiming his own crude arrangements.

He crosses the seas with a seed in his pocket to poke down into some utterly useless and wholly uncalculated setting—so his children can say: "My father planted this apple tree." It matters not to him that mango and breadfruit trees put the sickly apple to shame. The land has known his touch; he has put his mark upon it. No, the flourishing of a continental jungle is as naught compared to that one spindling tree which his hand has graced.

Because a twig pushed into the ground will grow, man feels himself potent to give life to, or take the life of, vegetation. He feels he has the right of God to uproot, to blast and to set his own little sticks sprouting. He believes he feels like God when the new things root and bud, but he plays the very devil with the landscape.

What the beauty spoiler would do in the Yosemite he is doing, unchecked as yet, all over California. Everywhere he is destroying smaller though not less wonderful Grand Canyons and messing over as perfectly finished, if humbler, Yosemite.

He is changing the distinctive aspect of our hills and dales into a hodge-podge exhibition of his own ignorance and conceit.

He burns off the cryptic character—a rich and marvelous garden in itself, protecting rare lilies and loveliest flowers—"the little forests" creeping over the foothills, crouching knee to knee, leaning shoulder to shoulder, dwarfed, wine-brown bodied, tough leaved, stout bough, twisted, old, unique and world noted. If the landscape meddler but knew it.

We have all seen how he tries to cover the scarred earth. What doesn't he plant on the bare knolls—rag-tags and bob-ends from other forests. Some dwarf trees very like the pink-bellied manna, which he has uprooted, or the shaggy barked, feathery flowered chamiso, but forlornly twining their arms about the empty air.

The sign of the man who thinks he can improve upon the Master hand of the universe would fill a book.

Faintly, very faintly, I hear the united voice of protest—always beginning on that low, peculiar note—unhurried, because it is going to grow. No splutterings or rantings—slowly increasing in strength—the mighty voice of reconstructive public opinion.

After all, the landscape meddler is a good sort—not for one moment is he aware of his paltry egotism. When the import of that voice reaches him, he will be as zealous and as reverently endeavor to bring back and to preserve the natural beauty of California.—S. F. Bulletin.

Mrs. and Mrs. Hal Garret recently arrived in Carmel after motoring out from the east. They intend to re-

main in Carmel for about six months and during that time, Garret, who is a writer of children's books, will work on a new story. Two of his latest books are "Sayings" and "Souffles." Both charmingly written and have proven very popular with young people.

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CHRISTMAS TREES FOR THE FUTURE YEARS

Thought is already being given to the Community Christmas tree, one of Carmel's annual celebrations of unique interest. This year the Parent-Teachers Association has grabbed it, either by consent of its steady sponsor, Mrs. Marie Gordon, or by beating her to it. Anyhow it is in good hands, and will undoubtedly be "bigger and better."

Wonderful and glorious, the first work done upon this Christmas tree is a valiant endeavor to save it for the future years. The City Fathers have begun the labor of preserving the row of pines on Ocean avenue, of which the Community Christmas tree is one, and by chance or happy suggestion, that especial pine is the first to receive the attendance of the tree doctors.

It needed care. Only a few days before we had noticed its sickly appearance and wondered whether it would be there and alive for the Christmas of 1928. When this morning we found men at work trimming, and the city truck hauling good, rich, black soil to put above its roots, we felt like shouting "Banzai!"

For many people in Carmel, the sight of this labor at tree preservation on Ocean avenue will be one of the happiest moves made by the city for a long time. If it was the Council that conceived the idea of making this Yuletide especially happy by having the Community Christmas tree and its brothers along the street taken care of properly, and given a fair chance of longevity, the thanks of the people go out to them. If the Parent-Teachers Association, after looking at their especial care, stirred the authorities into activity, let them garner the thanks. Anyway, the Pine Cone, lover of trees, expresses the appreciation of a thousand other tree lovers for the work in hand.

APOLOGIZE FOR THE POEM, AT LEAST

We are not going into the right or wrong of the letter sent by the student body of the Monterey High School to the student body of the Pacific Grove High School, severing athletic relations. What we do want to take up is the brand of poetry used in the letter.

We have never been a advocate of censorship in any form, nor are we strong for that overly delicate refinement that can find a flaw in the output of a Shelley or a Keats; but we do think that the home of Robinson Jeffers, and the once-home of George Sterling—not to mention a number of minor poets—should do a bit better in the quality of its verse than that bit tacked onto this epistle.

Even in the days when we went to high school, and they gave us "Blessings on thee, little man, Barefoot boy with cheek of tan," and "Maud Muller on a summer's day, Raked the meadow, sweet with hay," we would have gagged at the lines and sentiments in this bunch of asparagus. We had supposed, without any investigation at all, we admit, that the grade of poetry served today in our schools had advanced with the taste of the times. We surely would have thought that Carmel's young men and women were getting, as a part of their education, a little knowledge of what poetry is and means.

Occasionally we have printed verses by Jane Hopper, aged nine; of Henry Albee, aged ten; and of Dorothy Drake, aged twelve; and nothing of theirs we feel sure, has depressed anyone as did the reading of the verses in this High School effusion. We do not know that it was written by any student in the school; if we did know that it was, we would suppress the information.

Carmel Pine Cone

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CALIF.

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PERRY NEWBERRY and ALLEN GRIFFIN, Publishers

SANITY

By Glenn Hughes

If I could be entirely mad
Instead of being inclined that way,
And hindered by a common sanity,
I might amount to something.
As it is,
I merely catch a glimpse of the hidden heavens
And barely touch the corner of the rainbow,
When I am back on earth,
Among meat-eating men,
Denying fairies and the magic of the stars.

FOG OR RAIN

By Helen Hope Rodolf

(In December Sunset)

I choose the fog,
You can have the rain.
Rain is such a burly fellow—
He knocks at the window-pane,
Swells the river, floods the street,
Beats down flowers, patterns on the roof,
Soaks you through, and slaps you on the face,
And in every way is quite uncouth.

But fog, now, is a pretty lady,
Of white and diaphanous dress,
Who silently and gently comes
To enfold in a cool caress.
And wisps of her lovely draperies
Are seen in the tops of trees,
In canyons floating, and high on rocks,
As though cradled and lulled by the breeze.
She enshrouds and covers with beauty
Any ugliness of earth and bog.
Yes, you can have the rain,
I'll choose the fog.

CARMEL

By Henry Albee
(Aged Ten)

I.
By the clear blue ocean,
On the rock clad shore,
Stood the tall and stately pines.
II.
Limbs like ghostly fingers,
Clad with stringy moss,
Reaching toward the turquoise sea.
III.
Guarding the calm harbor,
Stood the frilled and naked rocks,
A barrier 'gainst intruders on its virgin soil.
IV.
The white, sandy beach,
Like a snow field in the sun,
With the water gently rolling up.

NOVEMBER

By William Alexander Percy

How has November won
More loveliness
With opal mist and sun
Than spring can boast?

The village houses all
Wear aureoles
Of smoke as pale and tall
As Abel's was.

only asking the parents to whip the poet until certain that there would be no repeat.

WITH OUR FINGER ON THE TRIGGER

There seems to be the promise of peninsula wide campaign against roadside sign-boards, in which hope the Pine Cone withholds for the moment from a general attack along the whole front. If war may be averted without compromising ourselves out of existence we are for peace. If we can win the support of the service organizations of Monterey and Pacific Grove to this notion that Monterey County's natural scenery is more beautiful and better advertising—than anything hand-painted on boards, the war is won.

For advertisers don't advertise to gain the enmity of communities. Their purpose is quite the reverse. And if they are certain that this peninsula is against the hoardings that block the view, and intend to hold the advertisers making use of the method to account in loss of patronage, such advertisements will come promptly down. A few resolutions by service clubs, Womans Clubs, Parent-Teachers Associations, and such representative bodies of men and women—the purchasing public—will do more actual good in cleaning the highways from visual obstructions than gross editorials.

The communications in writing, the commendations by word of mouth for the Pine Cone's editorial last week are very hopeful promises of direct action, not only in Carmel, but by the neighboring towns. We optimistically wait.

PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION

The regional planning of Monterey Peninsula is now in the hands of Gov. C. Young, who in sanctioning it under the law passed by the Legislature last summer, must, too, appoint the Commission. Peninsula men and women, who will attend to its operation.

Upon that Commission Carmel should be well represented. A glance at the map shows the reason for Carmel's interest. Geographically, two thirds of the territory covered by the plan affects the future of Carmel directly; the Carmel river valley and the coast to the Monterey county southern line. Though at present sparsely inhabited, each year will build these vast tracts into a more and more compact part of Carmel's suburbs, and this growth should be given thought and direction by men and women identified with the Carmel idea.

We presume that this matter is being attended to by our representatives upon the committee which has the matter in charge, but there can be no harm in letting the Governor know that Carmel wants recognition in the Commission membership proportionate to its interests. In other words, Carmel doesn't like to wag as a tail of Monterey and Pacific Grove in a matter so vital to its future life.

PRESS CLUB REFUSES TO AMALGAMATE

In an interview this week, the President of the Carmel Press Club, Mr. Newberry, states his objections to amalgamating with the Arts and Crafts, the Womans Club, the Parent-Teachers Association, the Girl Scouts.

"I am," says Mr. Newberry, "the Carmel Press Club. Under its rules, made for me, it can have no other voting member had thought of letting Beth Ingels in, she wanted to be president, which I am certain would spoil the club. So I chose

Keep Carmel Village a Village Still

the rules while she was at the football game in Palo Alto.

"I see nothing but trouble in amalgamating with all, or any of these clubs. They have their ideas of who should be president, and I have mine. Anyhow, I couldn't very well be president of the Girl Scouts.

"As for memberships; with a dozen clubs already, why shouldn't anyone be willing to belong to one more? Considering the advantages offered, the dues are nothing. If I can get Lincoln Steffens, Robert Edgren, Samuel G. Blythe and Martin Flavin to give a thousand dollars worth of words; and David Alberto, Max Pantaleff and Thomas Vincent Cator to donate a thousand dollars worth of music; and if I can raise money enough to hire a hall, or make the Mayor loan me his dining room;

and if I can get an audience; then who will be able to say that the Carmel Press Club is different from any of the others.

"Besides, the Carmel Press Club has a distinctive and individual purpose in the elevation of the Carmel press, and the furtherance of good literature. Meaning by good literature, my own writings in the Carmel press. Other clubs have other purposes, quite as important to themselves. How then might we amalgamate? Can all these words in our constitution under Section 2, that state aims and purposes of the organizations, be lightly set aside and made meaningless? God forbid!

"So the Carmel Press Club will remain individual and unique. Dues are due and payable now, by cash, check, money-order or merchandise. Write my name plainly."

the Munsey publications in New York. In an article in the Sun, Davis quotes Dr. Adolphe Danziger de Castro, who it is said, once collaborated with Bierce, but on what they collaborated isn't said, and that would be interesting—as authority for an interview in 1923 with Pancho Villa, insurrecto general, then in retirement from revolutionary activities at Canutillo, Mexico.

In a conversation with the Mexican, Dr. Danziger asked, if the bandit general recalled, at Chihuahua, a man named Bierce, Ambrose Bierce?

The doctor's story continues: "An ugly gleam came into Villa's eyes. 'Si, si, señor. That cursed Ambrosio; he was a traitor!'

"Generals Okeyes and Hipolito, at mention of Bierce, exchanged glances of distress.

"Traitor?" I questioned. "Impossible. He was a soldier in our own Civil War under General Thomas."

"Villa's face clouded. 'Caramba! He criticized my campaign. He dared to find fault with my leadership. Ambrosio pointed out to me what he called my mistakes. Villa needs no instruction in war.'

"What became of him?" We threw him out, snarled Villa. He had a peon servant with him. They drank too much tequila and talked to some of my men about Carranzas' greatness. Is that not enough? If he wished to join Carranza—well? Ambrosio left at night with his peon secretary. Bag and baggage. We threw him out."

"But what became of him?"

"Villa shrugged his shoulders and made a negative sign. 'Quien sabe?' (who knows?). There the conversation concerning Ambrose Bierce ended."

Davis writes he asked the doctor if Bierce was seen anywhere later.

"Yes, that night about a mile out of town. Never again—neither Bierce or his peon. And beside, after the battle of Chihuahua the vultures came. I understood that some clothing was found. It is difficult, however, to identify bones on a field covered with them. I returned to Mexico City."

To prove to me that there were always grouches who opposed the advance of progress, and more particularly to take a crack at my opposition to formal scenery on the Forest Theater stage, somebody sent this excerpt from the "Life of the Eminent and Respectable Thomas Betterton, Actor," published in London in 1710:

"Others have laid it to the charge of Mr. Betterton as the first Innovator on our rude Stage as a Crime, nay as the Destruction of good playing; but I think with very little Shew of Reason, and little knowledge of the Stages of Athens and Rome, where, I am apt to believe was in their Flourishing Times, as great Actors as every played here before Curtains. For how that which helps the Representation, by assisting the pleasing Delusion of the Mind in regard of the Place, should spoil Acting, I cannot imagine, since the Audience must be often puzzled to find the Place, and situation of the Scene, which gives great Light to the play, and helps to deceive us agreeably, while they saw before them some Linsey-Woolsey curtains, or at best some piece of old Tapestry fill'd with awkward (sic) Figures, that would almost fright the Audience."

I wouldn't have believed it if

Johan Hagemeyer hadn't himself told me—this Roger Sturtevant fellow is much the same sort of a photographer as Johan, and, as good. Not just the same, but modernistic with the camera, and while he doesn't do oil tanks quite as futuristically—if that's the word—as Johan Hagemeyer, he can do three strips of glass and a stalk of oats quite so. And as for getting an effect that you can O-o-h and A-a-ah over, he is the mosquito's whiskers.

He'll be giving us an exhibition soon, and we'll have the chance to see for ourselves, for he has decided to stay here permanently, and has planted a very charming family in the Hagemeyer place at the head of Ocean avenue. Personally, he is young, handsome, enthusiastic. He is an interesting talker. When he and Johan were paying me a visit the other day, he looked at me for quite a time with his head tilted at an angle, tried me another time from a different angle, then said to Johan,

"An excellent subject." Johan half closed his eyes and looked at me, nodded and said,

"An excellent subject. You might really make something out of him." That is why I got a haircut. If a modernist cameraman says that to another modernist cameraman, and gets answered that way, I know that I need a haircut. But I'll wager I won't be an excellent subject the next time Roger Sturtevant sees me.

Another writer has landed in Carmel's midst—Hall Garrott. Mr. and Mrs. Garrott arrived in town last week after driving to California from the east. They have taken a house here and intend to remain for at least six months, during which time Garrott will work on a new book.

Fantastic tales for children are his specialty, and two of his most delightful stories are "Snythergon," which is about a little boy who turns into a tree, and "Squiffer," which is written in an equally charming manner.

Garrott was born in Chicago. He is a graduate of the Lewis Institute of Chicago and a special student at the University of Chicago. After that he studied the piano at the American Conservatory of Music, but was forced to give up his career as a musician on account of an injury to a finger.

Like most writers, Garrott has done his share of newspaper work. He reported for the City Press Association of Chicago, was editor and publisher of the Hibbing Tribune and later of the Biwabik Iron News and Eveleth News. He then went into the manufacturing business and turned out the well known Garrott chocolates. It was after this that he retired, and began writing books. During the war he was a four minute speaker in Liberty Loan drives and was active in Y.M.C.A. work.

Frederick Kennedy, Jr., brother of Mrs. Ivan M. Terwilliger of Carmel, has also been notably honored, he having won third prize in a competition conducted on a national scale by the Common Brick Manufacturers of America, for the design of a residence appropriate for brick construction. Kennedy, who is an architect of Pasadena, competed with architects in all parts of America, first and second prizes being won by New Yorkers.

People Talked About

Under the title, "National Parks Have Pageant Master," H. O. Stechan has an article dealing with Garnet Hole in the last number of the California Graphic. It is all interesting to us who feel a sort of proprietary interest in Garnet, but especially so is Holme's own statement regarding pageantry. Speaking about the work he has been doing in the National Parks the past few years, he says:

"Unless something like these pageants is developed on a comprehensive scale, our parks of California and other states are in danger of

on an audience cannot fail. The pageant is an excellent medium for popular expression, which many Americans have yet to discover."

"There is no reason why the artist who can draw in a humorous way should not support himself by cartooning while he establishes himself as a serious artist," according to Hamilton A. Wolf, formerly of Carmel, and connected with the Carnegie Laboratories, now a lecturer in the Art Department at the University of California. The cartooning need in no way spoil the art, is the belief of Professor Wolf.

"On the other hand, no one who is not skilled as an artist can hope to be a cartoonist. Until you understand the structure of the human hand, you cannot distort it. A knowledge of anatomy and of draftsmanship are necessary to every illustrator and humorous cartoonist."

Clyde Forsythe, who is ranked high among modern artists, draws "Joe's Car" under the name of "Vic." Gus Mosger, who originated the "Kats Kids," is an outstanding modernist, as is Swinnerton, whose comic-strip character, "Little Jimmy," is well known. Rube Goldberg, who distorts anatomy greatly, has a thorough foundation in art training, according to Wolf.

"One encouraging thing about our profession is that the person who can draw is received well by the editor of a paper, who is always on the lookout for talent. If the editor does not hire him, it is usually because he cannot produce the goods. As soon as he draws a comic figure, no matter how it is distorted, the editor will realize whether or not he knows what he is about."

Illustrating often provides an artist with bread and butter money, and is more near his own work than cartooning, according to Wolf. N. C. Wyeth is a well-known modern and also has done much cartooning. Dean Cornwall, who has illustrated stories in the Cosmopolitan for many years, was recently awarded the task of doing the mural decorations in the Los Angeles Public Library. Boardman Robinson is considered by Wolf as the originator of the modern school of editorial cartoonists, and he is also a modernist painter.

The comic strip is an American product, according to Wolf, and he sees no very great promise in its future development. Wolf has himself done some humorous drawing and illustrating, as well as writing

work in a modernistic vein. Several of his compositions are to be on exhibit in the Berkeley Playhouse during the early part of November.

The seasonal heroes are the football champions, and if ours of Carmel had but lived longer, we could easily have filled the page with people talked about. Too young, these lads, to say much about except tell their parentage; but they are being lauded generously by a village that is just as proud of brawny sons as of brainy ones.

And so is their coach, H. R. Youngman. If the rest of the Monterey High School is being as ably conducted as its football squad, nobody has cause of complaint. Youngman quite evidently knows



his stuff, and can teach boys how to use it. Winning the C. C. A. L. championship is a fine piece of work, but playing the game in a sportsmanlike way is a better, and Youngman seems to be able to coach that into the squad.

Press dispatches bring word that the Peter Henrik Long foundation medal in recognition of noteworthy service for humanity has been awarded to a Carmel woman, Miss Dorothy Ledyard. A Mills College graduate, Miss Ledyard was formerly assistant national director of nursing service for the Red Cross.

The medal comes to her because of her public health work for the children of California.

The fate of Ambrose Bierce, who disappeared in 1913, not so very long after a visit here to say goodbye to his friend, George Sterling, has had new light shed upon it by Robert H. Davis, who is editor of



ultimately losing their identity. People nowadays don't seem to be much interested in the country's Indian and Spanish lore. In fact they deliberately shut their eyes to it, they are that self-sufficient. Notwithstanding, the world began long before the present generation. Not to recognize that fact means to lose a whole lot.

"I don't mean that only old, musty stuff should be presented—just enough to give a viewpoint, to provide for a proper understanding of what has gone before, out of which our present day has developed. Another thing it is well to remember; and that is that fun and humor did not originate with us. It is a mistake to think of other times as dull and boring. That many presentations miscalled pageants are so is due to the inexperience of those attempting them. The light and entertaining touch is just as possible in the outdoor play as any other.

"My aim is always to make people of other times live again, by reviving their manners and customs. Ramona gets over because it shows the life and love of a period through real individuals, rather than by means of generalities. Present these things against natural backgrounds, with color and music and the effect

Spotlight and Back-stage

NOBILITY AND VAMPIRE BATS IN BARRIE'S GAY PLAY

By NORA BROWN

When the curtain opened Thursday night on the latest production of the Carmel Players, "The Admirable Crichton," by James Barrie, the audience may have been deceived momentarily into thinking they were about to see one of the plays of social life in England, where dinner follows tea as certainly as night follows day. But only for a moment was the deception possible. As soon as Ernest sympathized with Crichton because Lord Loam, the master of the house, will entertain his servants at tea, everyone felt happily sure that that was only the first of many conventions that were to be broken by his lordship and his amazing family.

To be sure Nature, the goddess in the machine of the whole play, aids so upset all rules as the family had learned to play the game; but the new manners were so exciting, so beyond the imagination of the family's wildest dreams, that for a little while they are not sure which life is real.

The play is Barrie at his gayest, but always when the laughter dies there is a minor note, that beats and beats through the sound of the waves on the shore of the desert island, and leaves a question in the minds of everyone, characters and audience, "Was there no other way out?" Crichton himself would say "not in England."

This article is not a criticism of the performance, it is only an appreciation of the work of the players as a whole.

To have chosen such a play was

an excellent thing, it is one of the most delightful comedies of our generation. To have staged and costumed it was genius.

To have brought out all its characterizations, situations, pathos and humor, always keeping the high note of gaiety, is an achievement of which the director must be proud.

It will be played again tonight and tomorrow night and there is no excuse for anyone not to enjoy at least one evening of good theatre in every sense of that abused word.

It is a grown-up's fairy tale, adventure, romance, all the dreams, but one, come true. While you watch, as you feel that it might happen; afterwards you, like the people in the play itself, will say, "I wonder."

You cannot afford to miss any one of the Carmel Player productions, this one least of all.

TROPICAL SCENES AND WESTERN DRAMA MOVIES

The dense tropical jungles with their animal, reptilian and insect life, their beauty and terror, are shown most effectively in "Framed," which will come to the Manzanita Theater next Tuesday night, November 29. Milton Sills is the star and is supported by Natalie Kingston, John Miljan, E. J. Redcliffe, Charles Garrard, Edward Bell and others.

The setting is largely the diamond mines of Brazil along the upper reaches of the Amazon, with all the amazing verdure, the mystery and thrill of the tropics.

Charles Brabin, who directed the picture, was insistent upon realism, even to the burying of the star and the leading woman in the mud up to their necks for a scene showing a "mud rush" in a diamond mine.

"Men of Daring," a thrilling Western picture play with an all-star cast is coming to the Manzanita Theater on Wednesday, November 30. The story tells the adventures of "Jack," "Ace," and "King," three mucksters of the the west, whose pranks and good deeds are continually getting them into trouble. They are three rollicking daredevils whose feats are the talk of the country where deeds of reckless daring are common. The picture features the Overland Trail of the early 30's when hardy pioneers endured terrible hardships and battled with bandits and Indians while carving out a new country.

Jack Hoxie heads a splendid company of players. Eva Gregory plays the feminine lead, and Marie Sals, in private life Mrs. Jack Hoxie, is cast in a sympathetic role. Francis Ford, veteran of the stage and screen, plays the "heavy" with Jimmy Kelly taking care of the comedy. Others in the cast are William Malan, Erle Adams and Bert Apling.

BEAU GESTE COMING TO MANZANITA THEATRE

The French Foreign Legion, the endless gorgeous, giant sand dunes of the Sahara, a famous missing sapphire, hundreds of desert warriors sweeping on horseback to attack a lonely fort manned by 40 men, practically all in mutiny—there you have just a glimpse of the

romance and thrills contained in "Beau Geste," which comes to the Manzanita Theater on Thursday and Friday, December 1 and 2. This is the picture that all Carmel has been waiting to see.

No greater effort was ever put into the making of a motion picture. This romantic, thrilling screen mystery story, adapted from one of the most popular novels in years, represents a larger undertaking than even "The Ten Commandments."

Ronald Colman, Alice Joyce, Noah Beery, Mary Brian, Neil Hamilton, William Powell, Norman Trevor, Totor McLaglan and Ralph Forbes are featured, but there are scores of others nearly as prominent.

"Beau Geste" is a mystery story of the Foreign Legion on the deserts of Africa that will tighten your very skin with excitement. It tells of three young Englishmen who disappear from home after the famous sapphire, "The Blue Water," belonging to their aunt, is stolen. All this leads to a remote fort on the Sahara and the ever feared attack of an Arab host.

Major Percival Christopher Wren is the author of "Beau Geste." John Russel and Herbert Brenon adapted it for screen use and Paul Schofield wrote the continuity.

BRIDGE LUNCHEON

GIVEN AT PINE INN

One of the loveliest and most largely attended bridge luncheons of the season was given Friday afternoon at Pine Inn, Carmel, when Mrs. M. Kays and her daughter, Miss Irene Kays, entertained a number of their friends very charmingly in the attractive rooms of the Inn. The guests arrived at one o'clock and were shown into the spacious dining room where a course luncheon was served. Gorgeous chrysanthemums of red and gold were the decorations of the handsomely appointed table. Red and yellow candles in tall candle sticks cast a soft light, the ensemble forming a very pretty picture. Bon-bon baskets placed at each cover and place cards also carried out the color scheme of decoration.

After the luncheon bridge was played in the living room of the Inn where a bright fire of logs added to the cozy comfort of the surroundings. High score was made by Mrs. John Willey of Central America; second place Mrs. Frank Hart, third Mrs. Floyd Rogers, fourth Mrs. Rex Kingman. Two consolation prizes were awarded, Mrs. Charles Olmstead and Mrs. H. B. Chaise being the winners.

Mrs. Kays and Miss Kays' guests were: Mesdames Jack Beaumont, H. Thedmann, Charles Olmstead, Robert Sample, Murray Mathews, Laura B. Withers, Andrew Beaumont, B. F. Sowell, Frank Hart, John Willey, Rex Kingman, George MacDonald, Ethyl Mulder, J. O. Richeson, W. E. Raiguel, R. E. Gorkman, Thomas P. Wood, H. B. Chaise, Lucy Freeman, Floyd Rodgers, Enid La Grindeur, L. E. Kimball, Miss Edna Snell.

JOHN Y. ARNOT GOES

TO LAST REST

Funeral services were held Saturday in Oakland for John Y. Arnot of Carmel who passed away last Thursday in the former city after an illness of several months. Mr. Arnot was 72 years old, a native of Scotland and had been a resident of Carmel for six years. He was a stone mason and was well known to local residents.

Surviving are a wife and also children as follows: William Arnot of Pullman, Wash.; James E. Ar-

not of Fresno, Mrs. Sophie Wood-Alexander Arnot, Harold Arnot, bridge, Robert Arnot, Ralph Arnot, Helen Arnot and Jean Arnot, all of

THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON

By

SIR JAMES M. BARRIE

PRODUCED BY

THE CARMEL PLAYERS

The Theatre of The Golden Bough

Thursday, Friday and Saturday of This Week

November 24, 25, 26

at 8:30 P. M.

Admission \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, plus tax

Carmel Masonic Club

MINSTRELS

AND ANNUAL FROLIC

BIGGEST SHOW OF THE YEAR

Direction of Fenton P. Foster

Theatre of the Golden Bough
December 1st, 2nd, 3rd

Tickets \$1.00 and \$1.50; No Tax

Palace Drug Co.—Stanford's Drug Store
Carmel

MANZANITA

Theatre

Fri. Nov. 25th

"For the Love of Mike"

with
Ford Sterling
George Sidney

Sat. Nov. 26th

"Somewhere in Sonora"

with
Ken Maynard

Sun. Nov. 27th

"White Pants Willie"

with
Johnnie Hines

Mon. Nov. 28th

"The Wrong Mr. Right"

with
Jean Harlow

Tues. Nov. 29th

"Framed"

Milton Sills

Wed. Nov. 30th

"Men of Daring"

with
Jack Hoxie

Thurs. and Fri.

Dec. 1st and 2nd

"Beau Geste"

with
Ronald Colman

ZAMBOANCA



A SONG OF THE
PHILIPPINES

By Thomas V. Canon



45 Cents at Music Stores
or direct of

Graphic Arts Press, Carmel, Cal.



The Minstrel Show, which is to be produced by Carmel Masonic Club at the Golden Bough theatre on December 1st, 2nd and 3rd, is now being groomed into fine shape by the producer. It comprises the usual old fashioned Minstrel arrangements, first part, olio and after-piece. In the first part there will be a fine singing male chorus of thirty-two, besides an orchestra. The end-men are Charlie Berkey, Doc Staniford, H. E. Sanderson Jr., Elliot Durham, Bert Normand and Charlie Wilson. Each will have his line of chatter, and a song or dance. The real soloists will be Ralph Wayne singing "The Wanderer's Song" and Ralph Binney singing Tom Cator's song, "Zamboanga." F. P. Bentley singing "Can't You Hear Me Calling, Caroline," Vic Bain singing "Rose of Monterey," and

George M. Dowart singing "Mandelay." These songs and singers will provide a very fine musical program. Interspersed through the first part will be dances by Helen Judson and Frank Murphy, and a group of dances by Gladys Scholes. Helen Judson and Hildreth Taylor Masten, and the original "Snowball Jackson," will do some grand and lofty stepping, as will also Charlie Wilson.

Then comes the olio, in which will be dedicated Carmel's new broadcasting plant, the existence of which is known to very few. There will be the "Barber Bros.," Talbert and Winsor, in a group of "Heart Songs and Ballads." When we tell you that Ruth Austin is to do a solo dance, you will know that a real treat is in store for you, and Ruth is to give you a brand new dance, with Mary Ingels playing for her. And you all know Rem. He has compiled some Reminisces which he will impart to you. You'll laugh. "By" Ford is preparing a little playlet on the eternal triangle which is sure to amuse. There will also be a glee club of twelve splendid male voices in a group of songs, including a very amusing "Spiritual." There will be a very entertaining group of guitar and uke players in a Hawaiian number, for which Capt. McNab, of the Presidio, and his group are rehearsing faithfully.

Then for the after-piece there will be "Aunt Olee's Birthday Party," with the scene laid on an old plantation. This after-piece will be mostly singing and dancing. There will be songs by Mr. Bentley and Yodee Remsen, songs and dances by Alice and Gladys Scholes, the Glee Club again, and then an old fashioned Cake Walk contest in which you will see Hildreth Taylor Masten, Daisy Bostick, Clara Leidig, Frank Murphy, Bert Normand and Wm. Titmas.

The show will close with what the circus ad-writer would say was a "melange" of Charleston steppers, Black Bottom dancers and Buck and Wingers.

Rehearsals have been faithfully attended and the show promises to please everybody from the age of three to one hundred. So come along and bring the children, and have a good laugh at the Golden Bough, December 1st, 2nd and 3rd. Our confidential advice is: Don't miss this show.

WEEPS AS HE READS THE PINE CONE AND PLEADS FOR THE FIVE SENSES

By David Alberto

Permit me to compliment you on the last issue of the Pine Cone. Doubtless you had in mind a desire to provoke an unusual number of smiles and laughs, and for that reason I consider the issue unusually successful. That appears to be almost the sole object of the periodical of today; in fact, I have even observed that fires kindled with publications having other objects in view seldom burn.

After that somewhat heated comment, it is probably well to turn to the object of this letter. Before proceeding however, I must first state some conditions of the present mental development of the human species, with which comments you will probably agree. About ninety of every hundred of us humans have no sense at all, or to be more explicit, about ninety per cent exhibit no marked development of any one of the five senses. Probably five of the remaining ten evince a development of one sense, and the remaining five are the possessors of two, three and possibly four developed senses. I think that I have never met a human whose five senses seemed wholly developed.

By development of a sense, I mean developed to such a degree as to experience what we term aesthetic emotion. Likely you will wonder if it is possible to experience an aesthetic emotion through the sense of taste. In support of the fact that such experience is conceivable, I wish to recall a sentence from that early Carmelite friend of ours, Robert Louis Stevenson. I believe it is in "Virginibus Puerisque" that Stevenson remarks concerning the great pleasure the episcure derives through detecting the taste of an olive, and he then proceeds to compare the experience with the emotion of an artist when viewing a great work of art.

And I recall a time when, after one of those deep inhalations so characteristic of yourself, you sighed and said "Ah! What a place to live!" And a light came into your eyes which made it evident that you had gotten an aesthetic kick through your sense of smell.

I mention these two specific examples of the possibility of experiencing aesthetic pleasure through the sense of taste and smell because I am anxious to abandon these two senses during the remainder of this letter. It is with the senses of sight, hearing and touch, and particularly with the sense of touch, that I wish to deal. And I am forced to relate another example.

You probably recall the time when Frank Swain, a young, ambitious writer of verse, lived in Carmel. Previously, he had lived many years in China, where he was a witness to the following incident.

Periodically a Chinaman passed a stall in the market where a certain trinket was displayed. Frequently he entered the place, and requested to feel the trinket. Ceremoniously the shopkeeper would place the trinket in the man's hand. He, in turn, would gently rub fingers over the object until satiated with pleasure, when after returning the trinket he would proceed on his way.

Such an act is difficult for the occidental mind to place within his category of normal sense acts. So are most of the ways of the orientals. Our interest for the present is that we have an example of aesthetic pleasure experienced through the sense of touch.

tively more sensitive.

A single other example of pleasure derived through the tactual sensation will probably interest you. I mention our friend Jo Mora, who, I observe, spends more time feeling objects of beauty than he spends looking at them; and who, according to his own statement, derives quite the same pleasure through the one sense as from the other.

Now you know, Perry, how you and I are apt to enter Coffee Dan's place, and stretch our mouths over cups half an inch thick, and declare that no one makes coffee like he does. But imagine Jo Mora having to drink from a similar cup, or having to touch those rough tables! I know how your sympathetic nature must respond to this appeal.

And just one more appeal. Imagine a locksmith setting up a saw filing establishment next door to Mabel Gray Young's home, or next door to Miss Dene Denny's or Tom Cator's houses! Ah, Perry, do you not realize that others besides those possessing highly developed tactual senses can suffer! And can you not realize why I cried so loudly as I read this last facetious issue of your Pine Cone! I beseech you, feel for me, Perry; I, too, have a sense!

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Confessions of a Y-man With the A.E.F. in France By Perry Newberry

XV.

Because we tied the type badly in the print-shop last week, and it read as confusedly as the war seemed, joggling the reader worse than the horse Bill Hawkins captured jogged me, I must go back a paragraph or two, and straighten out the mess. Bill Hawkins found a Hun horse running loose beside the road from Abri du Crochet, gathered him in and gave him to me. I started off on his back to rejoin the regiment, but a shell bursting nearby, started a runaway that left me in the mud of the road. Also the idea was left in my mind that other Fritzle horses might be picked up that would be my very own, and might make me independent of the army transport for Y supplies.

So next morning, when we had rejoined the echelon, I sent out word through the top sergeants that if the boys picked up any horses, to turn them over to Cookies Incorporated, instead of to the captain of Supply Company, as had been the order. Which bore fruit ultimately to the extent of four perfectly good draft horses (as horses went at the time) hitched to the picket line, and accepted by the regimental officers as being the personal captives of myself, and therefore my property.

But the advance of the 77th Division—the whole American Army, in fact—first slowed, then stopped completely. Our second battalion had moved so far forward that it couldn't fire without endangering the infantry, directly in front of it,

and so fell back to join the first battalion at Abri du Crochet, where there was plenty of work to do. Here we remained until October 8, and it was during this period that a battalion of the 308th Infantry, under Major Charles W. Whittlesey, became surrounded by Germans in the forest, and earned the name of the "Lost Battalion."

I was doing considerable business with the town of Florent, where there was an army commissary warehouse, and learned of the situation of Whittlesey's boys one day when I came into Florent for a wagonload of goods. The detachment had already been three days, battling every instant, day and night, and without other food than their "iron rations," the army name for the contents of the emergency can carried at the belt. I sat in a conference that afternoon which considered the question of getting food to the "Lost Battalion."

The Divisional Y secretary had a suggestion; he was willing to furnish from Y stores the necessary supplies to make up luncheons for each of the men, to be carried over the position by airplanes, and dropped to them in the woods. Whether this idea was carried out or not, I do not know; but it was on a par with most of the Y ideas. A box of cookies and a bar of chocolate dropped to a besieged soldier from the skies in such an emergency would tickle him less than a few hundred pounds of high explosive dropped upon the encircling enemy; one being as easy of accomplishment as the other, obviously. The army's answer to the problem of our conference, was to order a general attack in force for October 7, with our regiment of field guns in support of the infantry.

Major Whittlesey's outfit—what was left of it—was relieved that night, the Huns being obliged to withdraw. Next day, I was again in

the forest and the men came in. They were a weary, haggard, sunken, white-faced, dull-eyed, half-starved bunch of soldiers, barely able to walk. A photographer with an army automobile, was taking pictures of them as they passed, and something about the man being familiar to me, I spoke to him when he had finished.

"My name's Newberry," I said. "Don't I know you?"

"If you were your brother Max, you certainly would," he grabbed my hand, shaking it hard. "I'm Charlie Tebb, and was on the Examiner art department when Max was its manager. I remember you were there for a bit."

He promised to bring his camera up to the outfit and get some photographs of our guns at work, but he never found us. Our mutual friend, Bill Irwin, he told me, had been in Florent the previous day, doing stuff for his newspapers on the Lost Battalion. I'd missed seeing him by twenty-four hours. Also, I found out after the war was over, and I was comfortably home in Carmel, that George Stone of the Highlands, a major in the signal service, had been taking photographs of our division, and was in the same towns I knew, at the same times I was using them, and yet we never met.

The battle in the Argonne took a spurt October 8th, and when I got back with my wagonload of stuff from Florent, I found the echelon already on the road, ready to advance to a new position. Our wagon, Bill and me on the driver's seat, swung into the column and into a long, all-night, rainy hike in the mud. Cold, too, with frost in the air. The road was congested with traffic and troops going up, so progress was slow. About midnight I was so chilled that I deserted the wagon, and started out on foot.

Soon I was way ahead of our point, slopping through mud to my ankles, but warmed a bit by the exercise. Except for the straggling end of an infantry outfit, I had this stretch of road to myself, and made fine time along it. As I knew that the echelon was heading toward the village of Lancon, all I figured to do was to keep to the main highway, walk until tired, then wait for the column to come along and pick me up.

About four o'clock, I saw off to the right a short ways, a flickering light that must come from a bonfire. That was cheerful, and I made across the field to where, in an old barn, a group of stragglers sat around a fire built upon its plank floor. As I came into the circle of light, the men leaped to attention, and would have slipped away into the night, had I not promptly said, "As you were. I'm Y-man, not officer."

"Oh, hell!" came the grunt of disgust, and the boys dropped back to the floor. I managed to get into the front row, and absorbed grateful heat. To pay my way, I passed cigarettes—which I carried liberally in a musette bag—around the circle, then listened to the stories.

I didn't need to listen for the sound of wheels on the road. An artillery outfit makes noise enough with its clanking to be heard a long distance, and I had no fear of its getting by. I soaked up heat and tales of hardship, and thanked my luck that I was here, under roof, before a fire that was gradually getting warmer, as the oak planks of the floor got going good. It was this condition of conflagration, rather than any anxiety about my outfit, that made me desert the barn. All of us deserted, in fact. As day dawned, I watched it burn, and

every straggler along the road got warmed up.

Then I began wondering where the 304th F. A. was. No matter how often they had halted on the road, they should have been here before now. I started back to find out what had happened.

Traffic had thinned out to a straggling few of trucks and men, for we were too far forward for daylight use of the highways. Still raining, and a gray dawn coming. Four or five kilometers back there was a road that branched to the north and its mud indicated that our guns had turned into it. It was not the route to Lancon; signs placed frequently along the way had correctly indicated my direction, but evidently the order had been changed, and the outfit was headed toward La Besoge.

I followed, and as the light strengthened, found myself on a hillside road that wound down a narrow valley; and in front of me, much nearer than looked healthy, were the sausage balloons that marked the line of battle. To add to my fear, there wasn't a sign of anybody on the road as far as my eyes could reach. Cannon were smashing away, shells were bursting, the r-r-r-r-r of machine gun fire came from somewhere in front, and not too distant. That road, it seemed to me, led straight into the heart of battle.

For I was a tenderfoot, and hadn't the experience that tells the

veteran what he must expect from known conditions. As I made ahead after my outfit, my mind in my mouth, I was as safe as any man has the right to be in war. When I ducked down into a ditch beside the road, believing that the Huns were shelling me personally, because a half dozen cans of H.E. were laid along the highway on the chance of its being occupied by troops or transport—harassing fire—I couldn't know that the battery that sent them was three miles back beyond the crest of a hill, firing on a schedule by carefully figured data, and not aware that I was on earth, let alone on the Besoge highway.

I climbed into the scrub, only to

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find that it was so tangled with barbed wire and pitted with shell holes and trenches that I could make no headway at all, and returned to the road. R-r-r-r-r-r-r stutters a machine gun down in the valley, and again I went flat into the ditch. I never was more scared in my life than during the four hours that it took me to make less than two miles over the road to La Besore.

A sentry beside a ration dump gave me the information that turned me into a narrow gully in which Supply Company had established itself, and I found Private Brown looking after my supplies, covered from the rain by a tarpaulin. As he evinced no anxiety over my loss, figuring that I was elsewhere with the outfit, I did not tell him of my frightful experiences.

We rationed again that day; Cookies Incorporated was standing high in the estimation of the regiment, officers and men. The Colonel had sent me an authorization that allowed the purchase at any army storehouse of the needs for an entire regiment. With it, I had brought in from the commissary at Florent six gross of toothbrushes—snapped eagerly—hand towels and olive drab handkerchiefs. Razor blades, badly needed, and shaving soap and brushes were part of the ration. Besides groceries, we had branched into drugs and dry goods. Also, we were doing a lively banking business, handling transfers of money sent home by the boys.

We moved again that afternoon, and made a more permanent camp for Supply Company in a gulch in front of Lancon. Through this ran a stream, its banks marshy on either side, our wagons parked on the high ground at the foot of the hill, and the pup tents set up directly against the wagons. Using the tarpaulin that had covered my dump, I made a fine tent for myself, and proudly lettered "Cookies, Incorporated," with the Y triangle on its front. Also, though I feared an official



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quenching, I built a fire in front of my headquarters. Men not on duty crowded for places around it, and steamed in its heat; and Captain Ewell and Lieut. Murphy failed to see it.

Brown and I slept tight and warm in the big tent that night, to be awakened to broad daylight by shells breaking right around us. Through the open front of the tent I could see the bursts in the creek bottom, and hear the shrill squeal of jagged metal as it hurtled overhead. Down toward the gully's mouth, whistles shrilled and orders were being shouted. I grabbed for my steel hat, found a German one that I'd picked up for a souvenir, put it on, and lay flat on my stomach hugging the ground.

"Run, Newberry — run!" yelled Brown, and was up from beside me and away, making for where the officers shouted orders. I moved only enough to be able to watch him travel. To pass the row of pup tents, he had to take to the swamp, and it was dreadful running. Shells plopped into the ground all around him, and as they exploded, knocked him down and covered him in mud. A shell caught a big cottonwood tree about twelve feet up, and made toothpicks of it, as Brown embraced its bole. His spiral puttee caught up a coil of barbed wire, and that tripped him every few steps. Lying tight under the steel headpiece, I couldn't help but laugh at Brown's effort to find safety in the midst of that hell of shrieking metal. And scores of other men, in their pup tents or under the wagons, howled merriment at his flight.

"Lift them dogs, Brown — you'll make it yet!" they shouted at him as he lumbered by. Now he was down where Ewell and Murphy were doing their best to keep the men from gathering in groups, or from crowding behind the trunks of big trees. The captain shouted at Brown as he came up.

"Go back—get back to your tent and stay there, blanketty-blank you!" But Brown didn't hear, and jammed behind two other men who were using a tree as a shield. Then a shell lit fairly on top of the field range, and its crash sent the coffee, ready for breakfast, all over the three of them there. Brown thought he was killed, and coffee grounds were brains, and it took some time to convince him that he was unhurt. It had been a miraculous run, and had it not been that the H.E. cans were exploding in swamp land, and to an extent were smothered in mud, he could never have made it alive.

I waited in the tent until it was over. There was a lad shaving close to my shelter, his little metal mirror tacked to a wagon's tailboard. Through the bombardment, he kept at his task, and was washing his face and buttoning up his shirt as the last shell sailed in. His coolness was very reassuring to me, and I got my messkit and strolled down to where the kitchen had stood just as nonchalantly as though I hadn't been scared stiff a minute before.

And unconsciously I gained a name for bravery, for laying aside the German helmet I'd grabbed up when the firing began, I forgot to

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put on my own, and went to the mess bareheaded.

(To Be Continued)

Mrs. James Athearn Folger has returned to her home in San Francisco after visiting in Carmel for a short time.

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Village News Reel

Jo Mora's map of California has just been issued from the A. M. Robertson Publishing Company in San Francisco and has been placed on sale all over the state. The map is somewhat the same as the map of the Monterey Peninsula that Mora made last year, and is cleverly drawn with figures of typical Spanish scenes.

Mr. Alfred Mathews, San Francisco business man, is visiting at Pine Inn over the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Cooper of Portland, Oregon, are visiting in Carmel for a few days.

Mayor John B. Jordan visited in

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San Francisco the first of the week, returning to Carmel on Tuesday night.

Charles H. Cheney, city planner, made a short trip to Carmel the first of the week and returned to Sacramento on Monday afternoon. He is expected to return after the first of next month.

Miss Margaret Wood is entertaining a party of University of California girls this week end at her home in North Carmel.

Mr. and Mrs. John McKee from Carmel, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Leonard and Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Leonard from Dos Palos have returned from a week end trip to Stanford University, where they went up to witness the big game. The Leonards who own a home here are frequent visitors in Carmel.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stewart and two daughters, Margaret and Jean May, from San Francisco are the guests of Miss Margaret Stewart over the holiday at her home on the Point.

Mrs. Julian Phillips is spending a few days in San Francisco with her father, Judge F. A. Treat of Salinas.

Paul J. Jenks of Berkeley spent last week end visiting in Carmel.

He is a student of the University of California.

Many local people attended the dance given at Pine Inn last Tuesday night by the St. Anne's Guild of the All Saints Church.

Captain Fritz Kreflick gave an interesting lecture on European opera before a group of Carmel people last Monday evening at the home of Mrs. Esther Teare on Lincoln street.

Fredrik Rummelle returned to Carmel on Wednesday after spending several days in San Francisco.

Miss Marian Arnold White came down from San Francisco to spend the Thanksgiving holidays in Carmel.

Mrs. Daisy Bostick and Mrs. Bernice Fraser returned to Carmel the first of the week after spending several days in San Francisco.

Mrs. Lucille Keister, who has been visiting in San Francisco for some time, is ill.

Rev. W. G. White and his son, William Gail White, came up to Carmel the first of last week from Bakersfield to attend the funeral of Mrs. M. E. White, who is the mother of Rev. White.

Ruth Austin and her small daughter are spending the Thanksgiving holidays with friends in Berkeley.

Captain E. K. Cameron of Hollywood is spending a few days in Carmel with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Dempsey of Berkeley visited in Carmel last week and made arrangements for the building of a home here. They were accompanied by their small son, Thomas.

Mrs. M. A. Caldwell of Berkeley and her two children, Richard and Jessie, recently spent several days in Carmel. With them on the trip were several friends of the Caldwell children, including Miss Margaret Ooe, Miss Edith Hoffman and Miss Isabel Ballard.

Hope Garner, who is well known to Carmelites, is listed in the cast of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" that will be played in the Lobero theatre in Santa Barbara. She will take the role of Marie St. Claire.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. MacGowan and Mrs. Harriet MacGowan of San Francisco were recent guests of Col. and Mrs. R. H. Silliman at their home on Camino Real.

Councilman George L. Wood and his wife, who have been traveling through the southern part of the state for the past month, are back in their home. Mr. Wood gave considerable attention to city planning in Los Angeles and the cities about there, and has brought back decided views on the matter.

Roger Sturtevant, who has been doing photography in San Francisco, has come to Carmel with his wife and daughter to make it their home. They have taken the Johan Hagemeier studio on Mountain View and Ocean avenue.

J. R. Ham of Los Gatos, broker with a San Francisco stock and bond concern, was a visitor in Carmel over the week end.

Frank Sheridan is in Hollywood on matters connected with Sheridan's business as an actor and Hollywood's business as a movie producing center.

Johan Hagemeier was here from San Francisco this week end attending to turning his studio over to its new occupant, Henry Sturtevant.

Mrs. T. W. Stedman of Pasadena is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Bixby in the Yates cottage on Ocean avenue and Casanova street for a few weeks.

Birney W. Adams has rented his home on Torres street to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Joseph. Mr. Joseph is foreman of the State Highway force in this district. Mr. Adams has purchased an interest in the Ryan Rug Cleaning Works in Pacific Grove, where Mr. Adams will make his home.

Charles Frank has returned from a week and business trip to San Francisco.

J. Alfred Balfour, civil engineer, who for the past two years has been with the Pickering Lumber company in Tuolumne county, is spending a short vacation here with his mother, Mrs. Roberta Thudichum, and his sister Carol at their home on Lincoln and Seventh street.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Davis were week end guests at La Playa hotel and also of the City O. Koepps at their home in Carmel Woods. Mr. Davis and Mr. Koepp were class mates at the University of Eugene, Oregon.

Miss Vivian Pieretti of the West Coast Players of Los Angeles was the recent guest of Mrs. Roberta Thudichum.

COMMUNITY CHURCH NOTES
George G. Calkins, recently of the church staff of Bill Stidger, well known preacher and poet of the Middle West, will speak at the Community Church, Sunday at eleven. Mr. Calkins is personified force and enthusiasm. He should have a large hearing.

A "Hobo Party" will be held Friday evening by the members of the Carmel Epworth League in the basement of the Community church. Young people of high school age and over, interested in religious discussion, are invited.

November 30th at 12:30 noon, the Carmel Missionary Society will serve luncheon in the parlors of the Community church. An interesting program is being planned.

SUNSET SCHOOL NOTES

Mr. and Mrs. Max Pantelleff came from San Francisco and sang at Sunset School. We all liked their singing and hope they will come again.

Two new pictures have been loaned to the school. One is a print by Hans Holbein, the original of which is in Winchester Castle, England. The other is a painting by Harold Knott.

The children of the school have signed the Junior Red Cross membership roll, and given their yearly offering. It was signed for 1928.

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IN AND FOR THE COUNTY
MONTEREY.

MARY C. BRAZIL and PHILIP MENA SILVEY, Plaintiffs,
vs.
WILLIAM THOMAS BASSETT, FREDERICK BASSETT, ABN BASSETT, EDWARD BASSETT, CHARLES BASSETT, ALICE

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Deean Ave. and San Carlos

MISSION TEA HOUSE

Near Mission Carmel

DAILY SERVICE

Luncheon, 12 to 2
Tea, 3 to 5
Dinners, 6 to 8

Phone 208-W

THE CURTAIN SHOP

Martha Brouhard

Assistant to Home Makers
Corner Cass and Hartnell Sts.
Monterey

GRADE-A RAW MILK

from
Tuberculin Tested
Guernsey
and
Holstein Cows
12c a Quart

Point Lobos Dairy

Box 525, Carmel
Telephone Carmel 2-F-1



PIANOS
PHONOGRAPHS
RADIOS
LATEST SHEET MUSIC
and RECORDS
Palace Drug Co.
PHONE 10
CARMEL

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

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NET DOE, MARY WATTS BASSETT, REGAN, THOMAS IRELAND, MATTHEW C. IRELAND, JOSEPH ALVARADO DE ESCOBAR, JOAQUIN GUTIERREZ and JOSEPH ESCOBAR DE GUTIERREZ, his wife, JUAN ESCOBAR, ADAM JOSEPH KOPSCH, J. O. ROUNTREE, P. McLURE, FERNANDA ESCOBAR DE BRAVO, JOSE MARIA ESCOBAR, MARCELINO ESCOBAR, JOSE CASTRO and MODESTA CASTRO, his wife, MRS. VIRGINIA ESCOBAR STENHOUSE, JOSE MARIA CASTRO and REFUGIA ESCOBAR DE CASTRO, his wife, TRANSITA SHORT, D. R. ASHLEY, ANNIE MACKIE, formerly Annie Ashley, ANNIE R. O'CONNELL, WARREN ASHLEY, BYRON ASHLEY, IDA I. EDDY, formerly Ida I. Ashley, JOHN CENTER, MARIA AMPARA ESCOBAR, AUGUSTIN ESCOBAR, NICOLAS ESCOBAR, RUFINA ESCOBAR DE POMBER, RAYES MARTINEZ, FRANCISCO MARTINEZ, JOSE GARCIA, MANUEL SOTO, DOMINGO VASQUEZ, JUAN ALVARADO, W. H. L. BARNES, WILLIAM S. BARNES, W. H. LAYSON, SAMUEL DAVIS, MILTON LITTLE, JOHN O. WHEELER, SAMUEL THORNTON, BRADLEY V. SARGENT and SIMPSON CONOVER, as Trustees of San Carlos Gold and Silver Mining Company, a corporation, upon and after the forfeiture of the charter thereof, and as Trustees of and for the Stockholders and Creditors of said San Carlos Gold and Silver Mining Company, a defunct corporation; First Doe, Second Doe, Third Doe, Fourth Doe and Fifth Doe, as Trustees of San Carlos Coal Mining Company, a corporation, upon and after the forfeiture of the charter thereof, and as Trustees of and for the Stockholders and Creditors of said San Carlos Coal Mining Company, a defunct corporation; MANUEL R. CASTRO, VALENTIA GARCIA, DANTALIOSE BOTTILLER, RAMON BUTRON, PABLO SALAZAR, JOSE ANTONIO BUTENONELA, JOSE DE LOS SANTOS BOTTILLER, DAVID GARCIA, doing business as a Voluntary Association under the name and style of "La Compania Presidencial De Monterey"; ANTONIO S. NUNEZ and JANE DOE NUNEZ, his wife, and also all other persons unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real property described in the complaint adverse to plaintiffs' ownership, or any cloud upon plaintiffs' title thereto, Defendants.

ACTION BROUGHT IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY OF MONTEREY, STATE OF CALIFORNIA, AND THE COMPLAINT FILED IN THE OFFICE OF THE CLERK OF SAID COUNTY OF MONTEREY.

Hudson, Martin & Jorgensen, Attorneys for Plaintiffs.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING TO:

WILLIAM THOMAS BASSETT, FREDERICK BASSETT, ARNER BASSETT, EDWARD BASSETT, CHARLES BASSETT, ALICE ANNET DOE, MARY WATTS BASSETT, REGAN, THOMAS IRELAND, MATTHEW C. IRELAND, JOSEPH ALVARADO DE ESCOBAR, JOAQUIN GUTIERREZ and JOSEPH ESCOBAR DE GUTIERREZ, his wife, JUAN ESCOBAR, ADAM JOSEPH KOPSCH, J. O. ROUNTREE, P. McLURE, FERNANDA ESCOBAR DE BRAVO, JOSE MARIA ESCOBAR, MARCELINO ESCOBAR, JOSE CASTRO and MODESTA CASTRO, his wife, MRS. VIRGINIA ESCOBAR STENHOUSE, JOSE MARIA CASTRO,

and REFUGIA ESCOBAR DE CASTRO, his wife, TRANSITA SHORT, D. R. ASHLEY, ANNIE MACKIE, formerly Annie Ashley, ANNIE R. O'CONNELL, WARREN ASHLEY, BYRON ASHLEY, IDA I. EDDY, formerly Ida I. Ashley, JOHN CENTER, MARIA AMPARA ESCOBAR, AUGUSTIN ESCOBAR, NICOLAS ESCOBAR, RUFINA ESCOBAR DE POMBER, RAYES MARTINEZ, FRANCISCO MARTINEZ, JOSE GARCIA, MANUEL SOTO, DOMINGO VASQUEZ, JUAN ALVARADO, W. H. L. BARNES, WILLIAM S. BARNES, W. H. LAYSON, SAMUEL DAVIS, MILTON LITTLE, JOHN O. WHEELER, SAMUEL THORNTON, BRADLEY V. SARGENT and SIMPSON CONOVER, as Trustees of San Carlos Gold and Silver Mining Company, a corporation, upon and after the forfeiture of the charter thereof, and as Trustees of and for the Stockholders and Creditors of said San Carlos Coal Mining Company, a defunct corporation; First Doe, Second Doe, Third Doe, Fourth Doe and Fifth Doe, as Trustees of San Carlos Coal Mining Company, a corporation, upon and after the forfeiture of the charter thereof, and as Trustees of and for the Stockholders and Creditors of said San Carlos Coal Mining Company, a defunct corporation; MANUEL R. CASTRO, VALENTIA GARCIA, DANTALIOSE BOTTILLER, RAMON BUTRON, PABLO SALAZAR, JOSE ANTONIO BUTENONELA, JOSE DE LOS SANTOS BOTTILLER, DAVID GARCIA, doing business as a Voluntary Association under the name and style of "La Compania Presidencial De Monterey"; ANTONIO S. NUNEZ and JANE DOE NUNEZ, his wife, and also all other persons unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real property described in the complaint adverse to plaintiffs' ownership, or any cloud upon plaintiffs' title thereto, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED TO APPEAR, and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the County of Monterey, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this summons, if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

The purpose of said action is to quiet the title to the premises and real estate described in the complaint in said action and hereinafter described, and to determine all and every claim, right, title, estate, lien or interest of the said defendants, or either or any of them, in the real property described in the complaint, adverse to the said plaintiffs; that it be decreed and adjudged by decree of said Court that the said plaintiffs, Mary C. Brazil and Philomena Silvey, are the owners in fee of the real property hereinafter described, and that the defendants, nor any nor either of them, have no estate, right, title or interest whatever, nor any lien upon or lien or claim against said premises and land, or any part thereof, or any cloud upon plaintiffs' title thereto; that the defendants, each and all of them, their agents, servants and all persons claiming by, through or under them, or either of them, be forever enjoined and restrained from asserting any right, title, estate, lien or interest in, or to, or any cloud upon the real property described in said complaint and hereinafter described, or any part thereof, and for such other and further relief as to said Court shall seem meet and agreeable to equity and for their costs of suit.

The premises affected by this suit and described in said complaint are situated in the County of Monterey, State of California, and are particularly described, as follows—towit: Beginning at a post marked S. J. S. O. No. 7 standing at corner number 7 of the Rancho San Jose y Sur Chiquito, Monterey County, California, as surveyed by Bradford Wheel-

er, U. S. Deputy Surveyor, 1884; and running thence along the line of said Rancho S. 54° W., at 1048.8 feet a 2" iron pipe, 1885.3 feet to the point of intersection of said line of said Rancho with the center line of San Jose Creek, from which point of intersection an alder tree marked B. T. bears S. 4° E. 33 feet distant; thence following the center of San Jose Creek the following courses and distances:

N. 54° 05' W. 388.1 feet,
N. 71° 54' W. 100.5 feet,
N. 12° 53' W. 369.2 feet,
S. 66° 53' W. 278.2 feet,
N. 55° 09' W. 600.6 feet, and
N. 21° 11' W. 266.7 feet to a point in said San Jose Creek where the County Road crosses same; thence along the east side of said County Road, as fenced, N. 49° 52' E. 354.8 feet to an iron pipe; thence S. 62° 16' E. 99.2 feet to an iron pipe; thence N. 38° 44' E. 428.2 feet to a 7"x7" stone monument marked "S" standing on the East side of said County Road and on the South line of the Oliver ranch; thence S. 67° E. 800.8 feet to a 4x4 inch post marked "S 1"; thence S. 30° 31' E. 147.7 feet to a 4x4 inch post marked "S 2"; thence S. 42° 26' E. 939.8 feet to the point of beginning. Containing 42.7 acres.

Courses true, Var. 17° 30' East.

AND YOU ARE HEREBY NOTIFIED that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiffs will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint, as arising upon contract or they will apply to the court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the County of Monterey, State of California, this 22nd day of October, 1927.

J. P. JOY, Clerk.
SEAL OF SUPERIOR COURT.

NOTICE OF SELECTION UNDER SECTIONS 2275 AND 2276, U.S. REVISED STATUTES

As Amended by Act of Congress, February 25, 1891

Rule 10 and paragraphs 2, 3 and 4 of Rule 11, Regulations approved June 23, 1910 (39 L.D. 39), and Rule 9 and first paragraph of Rule 11, Regulations approved June 23, 1910, as amended October 15, 1919 (47 L.D. 257).

United States Land Office at Sacramento, State of California.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Notice is hereby given that the State of California has filed in this office its School Indemnity Land Selection, No. 3983, Serial No. 022282, applying to select as indemnity the following described tracts of land, to wit: Lot 2 and NE 1/4 of NE 1/4 of Section 29, and Lot 2 of Section 32, Tp. 17 S., R. 1 E., M.D. Meridian.

A copy of said list by descriptive subdivisions has been conspicuously posted in this office for the inspection of persons interested and the public generally.

During the 30 days' period of publication of this notice, or any time thereafter, and before final approval and certification, this office will receive protests or contests as to any of the tracts applied for, and transmit the same to the General Land Office.

Dated, Sacramento, California, Oct. 17, 1927.

JOHN C. ING, Register.

First publication: Nov. 4, 1927.

Last publication: Dec. 2, 1927.

NOTICE OF SELECTION UNDER SECTIONS 2275 AND 2276, U.S. REVISED STATUTES

As Amended by Act of Congress, February 25, 1891

Rule 10 and paragraphs 2, 3 and 4 of Rule 11, Regulations approved June 23, 1910 (39 L.D. 39), and

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

DR. C. E. EDDY—Licensed Chiropractic and Naturopathic Physician. Hours: 1 to 3:30 p.m. and Saturdays and Sundays and Monday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings by appointment only. Please phone for your evening appointments before 5:30 p.m. Residence calls should be arranged for as early as possible in the forenoon. Emergency calls at all hours. Phone 105. Dolores Apartments, Beside Post Office, Carmel, Calif.

DR. NELLIE M. CRAMER—Osteopath, successor to Dr. Myrtle C. Gray, Work Bldg., Monterey. Office Phone Monterey 179. Res. Phone Monterey 610.

THOMAS VINCENT CATOR
Vocal Instruction
Concert, Opera, Oratorio
Studio: 4th and Lopez

Florence A. Belknap, M.D.
South Carmelo
near Ocean Ave
Carmel

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—Key ring with keys, in leather case. Notify Bx 1056 or phone Carmel 2. Reward.

LOST—Full grown light gray (silver) Angora cat. Answers to name of "Jim." Apply 7 Arts, Carmel 7.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Low priced building plots can at last be had in the thermal belt of Carmel Highlands, above Highland Inn, and accessible via improved roads. Beautifully wooded pieces of ground with a sea view from \$1,000 up. Easy terms. Inquire Carmel Land Company office, Ocean Avenue, Carmel. Telephone 18.

Rule 9 and first paragraph of Rule 11, Regulations approved June 23, 1910, as amended October 15, 1919 (47 L.D. 257).

United States Land Office at Sacramento, State of California.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Notice is hereby given that the State of California has filed in this office its School Indemnity Land Selection, No. 3982, Serial No. 022252, applying to select as indemnity the following described tracts of land, to wit: Lot 12 of Section 5 and Lot 4 of Section 8, Tp. 17 S., R. 1 E., M.D. Meridian.

A copy of said list by descriptive subdivisions has been conspicuously posted in this office for the inspection of persons interested and the public generally.

During the 30 days' period of publication of this notice, or any time thereafter, and before final approval and certification, this office will receive protests or contests as to any of the tracts applied for, and transmit the same to the General Land Office.

Dated, Sacramento, California, Oct. 19, 1927.

JOHN C. ING, Register.

First publication: Nov. 4, 1927.

Last publication: Dec. 2, 1927.

THE PINE CONE CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING RATE PER LINE

Count five average words to line. Minimum charge 30 cents. Single Insertion, 10c per line. One insertion each week for six months, 8c per line. One insertion each week for one year, 6c per line. (No advertisement accepted for less than two lines.)

All transient ads. must be paid for in cash. Contract advertising may be charged provided satisfactory credit references are furnished.

All classified advertising must be in the Pine Cone office not later than 3 p.m. Wednesday for insertion in the Friday edition.

CHURCH NOTICES

The Community Church
Divine Worship—11 a.m. Sunday
Bible School—10 a.m.
Epworth League—7:30 p.m.
Rev. I. M. Terwilliger, Minister
Visitors Cordially Welcomed!

ALL SAINTS CHAPEL

(Episcopal)
Holy Communion every Sunday at 8 a.m. Morning prayer and sermon at 11 a.m. Sunday School at 9:45 a.m.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SERVICES

CARMEL
North Monte Verde Street
Sunday Service—11:00 a.m.
Sunday School—9:30 a.m.
Wednesday Evening Meeting at 8:00
Reading Room—Tuesday and Saturday, 2 to 5 p.m. Friday, 7 to 9 p.m. Closed holidays.

MONTEREY

Cor. Pearl and Houston Sts.
(Adjoining A. L. Stearnson House)
Sunday Service—11:00 a.m.
Sunday School—9:30 a.m.
Wednesday Evening Meeting at 8:00
Reading Room—Week days, 2 to 4 p.m. Closed Sundays and holidays.

PACIFIC GROVE

Fountain and Central Aves.
Sunday Service—11:00 a.m.
Sunday School—9:45 a.m.
Wednesday Evening Meeting at 8:00
Reading Room—Week days, 2 to 4 p.m. Closed holidays.

All are cordially invited to attend the services and visit the Reading Room.

Unity Hall

THE HIGHER THOUGHT
Sunday, Nov. 27th

"MAN AND SUPERMAN"

MISCELLANEOUS

EMPLOYMENT Agency and Public Stenographer. Houses opened for occupancy. Ruth Highy, Carmel Service Bureau, Monte Verde, east side, bet. Ocean and 7th. Phone 665-W.

CARPENTER WORK, REPAIRS, FURNITURE, AND GENERAL JOBBING.

W. A. Beckett, 5th Ave. near San Carlos, Box 931, Carmel.

SEWING—Expert alterations.

Old frocks remodeled. We also turn out smart new gowns, refine and shorten coats, etc., and make drapes and curtains at the Myra B. Shop, opp. the Post Office, Tel. 66-J.

WANTED—A reliable woman for

general housework in good, permanent position. Must be good cook. Address Box Y, Pine Cone, Carmel.

Bay Rapid Transit Co.

Phone Carmel 321

TIME TABLE

Lv. Carmel for Monterey		Lv. Monterey for Carmel	
a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
8:00	1:00	8:30	1:30
9:30	2:30	10:30	3:30
11:00	5:00	12:00	5:15
	6:00		6:30

MOURN THE PASSING OF NOBLE CARMEL WOMAN

Hundreds of devoted friends in all parts of the peninsula are mourning the death of Mrs. Mariam Estle White who passed away Saturday afternoon at her home in Carmel. Born March 3, 1831, Mrs. White was 96 years old and had

been a resident of Carmel for the last 23 years.

Lots of a son who died while serving as a missionary in the Orient led to a determination on the part of Mrs. White to dedicate her declining years to the work of erecting a rest home for retired missionary workers. The ambition was realized last September, when the M. E. White rest home for missionaries and Christian workers was completed at Eighth and Dolores streets Carmel.

For twenty years Mrs. White, assisted by her daughter, Miss M. E. White, conducted annual rummage sales to raise funds for financing the erection of the rest home and it was the source of tremendous satisfaction to her that she was permitted to live until the task had been completed.

Three children survive Mrs. White: Rev. Willie G. White of Bakersfield, Thomas White of Los Angeles and Miss M. E. White of Carmel.

Funeral services were held at 2:30 Monday afternoon at the Presbyterian church, Monterey, following which the body was sent to Redlands for burial.

DELEGATES DISCUSS CLUB MERGER WITH CHENEY

At a meeting of the delegates from three Carmel organizations held last Monday afternoon at Pine Inn, Charles H. Cheney, city planner from Los Angeles, urged the merging of the Parent-Teachers Association, the Arts and Crafts and the Woman's Club. Cheney stated that the merging of these clubs was undoubtedly the next step for Carmel to take. In this consolidation, a community center would eventually evolve, and the city planner stated that this would be a fine ideal for the city of Carmel.

There should be no quibbling in a community of this size. As in the case of many other places, the town is loaded with organizations that are each pulling a different way. The first step towards an ideal situation would be the amalgamation of the three groups. The clubhouse of the arts and crafts would make a center for the entire town. The ideals of each organization would not have to be merged. The same work could be carried on by the community as a whole, and the result would be much better. Co-operation is a necessity.

Those who attended the meeting were Mrs. Sara Deming, Mrs. H. F. Dickinson, Mrs. Joseph Schoeninger, Mrs. H. S. Nye, Miss Helen Rosenkrans, William P. Silva and George Seidenbeck. Immediately after the meeting Cheney left for Sacramento. He will return to Carmel on December 6. It is probable that at that time a mass meeting of Carmel citizens will be called, and Cheney will address the citizens.

OPENS TELEGRAPH OFFICE

The Carmel branch of the Western Union opened last Monday in their new quarters on Dolores street. Better accommodations are provided for the public by this change as there is more space in the new building. A direct wire service to San Francisco has not yet been installed, but it is probable that Carmel will have this service after the first of the year.

IS CAPTAIN NOW OF U. C. FOOTBALL TEAM

Irving Phillips, brother of Julian Phillips of Carmel, was unanimously elected captain of the 1928 varsity football team of the University of California, at the annual banquet held last Saturday evening at the Cliff hotel in San Francisco following the Big Game with Stanford. Phillips plays and on the team and is rated as an all-star player on the

mythical Pacific Coast eleven, as well as being named as a prospect for the All American team. He was one of the stars in the game last Saturday with Stanford.

THE KEY TO THE CITY By Roy McCullough

Carmel's notion about noise is the last whisper in loud wailings.

The toot on the automobile is tooting its toot too much.

Band saws are sawing to beat the band.

Motor cars are becoming unmuffled and tractors are throwing them into tantrums.

Gas engines are making them jump.

Planing mills are characterized as "perfectly malicious."

Carmel's ear is attuned to the murmur of the pines, the whisper of the wind, the rustle of leaves, and the silence of the mist.

Their dawn has had to creep up and the dusk has tip-toed on the end of a fleeting day.

Coming events cast their shadows; they don't need a town crier.

They speak in the language of the flowers; signs are posted for the more inquisitive.

The swish of the artist's brush is well oiled and noiseless typewriters out sell rubber heels.

The drama is more often seen than heard.

And they only enjoy Coolidge's speeches over the radio.

The pounding surf is a dull thud and the babbling brooks are the "sweet nothings" in their ears.

What they propose to do is to shush the harsh sounds.

Mayor Jordan will give visitors the key of C when they come to the city.

And Gus will stop you with a sonata.

Musical saws will replace band saws.

Children will be called to school by chimes and presumably recite in rhymes.

Motorists must be musicians to sound their horns.

And then you may hear your funeral dirge, Utopia!

I'D LOVE TO HAVE A HOME

My name is "Sanidy." My mother was a big Airedale but I can't say as to my father. I'm about three years old; neat about the house and fond of children. I guarantee to bite nothing except burglars and beefsteaks. I'm a boy, and will cost you nothing except maybe a license fee. Ask Miss Baker at The First Edition Book Shop, or telephone 380-J.

NOVELTY JEWELRY

The small gay pieces that add to the charm of a costume. The Marguerite Shop has a large line, any one of which is a splendid Christmas suggestion. There are imported Evening Bags of white kid, beautifully beaded in crystals and completely fitted up. There are earrings, neck pieces, rings, bracelets, vanities and cigarette lighters, reasonably priced. MARGUERITE SHOP, in old Elliot & Marion location on Ocean Avenue.—Adv.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Albert Otey. Sometimes called William Albert Otey. Deceased. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY

THE UNDERSIGNED Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of ALBERT OTEY, sometimes called WILLIAM ALBERT OTEY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers, in the Office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Monterey, within

Four (4) months after the first publication of this Notice; or within said period to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, to the said Executrix at the place chosen for the transaction of the business of Last publication, Dec. 9, 1927.

said Estate, to-wit: at the Law Office of Charles Clark, Ocean Avenue, Carmel-by-the-Sea, in the said County of Monterey, State of California, Carmel-by-the-Sea, California, this 10th day of November, 1927.

EMMA RANSOM OTEY, Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Albert Otey, sometimes called William Albert Otey, deceased.

COMPARE!

If you are considering an investment in a home site at Carmel, compare the area, the view, and the other advantages of any Mission Mesa or Hatton Fields plot with those of any other offering, then compare the price; we leave the choice to your good judgement.

HATTON FIELDS

Carmel Land Company

Paul Flanders, President

Office, Ocean Ave., Carmel Telephone 18
Ernest Schweninger, Sales Manager
J. K. Turner Yodee Remsen

Carmel

—Its poets and peasants.

stephen allen reynolds announces the fourth edition of the above publication, a tasty affair of 76 pages bound in royal gray boards and tied with imperial blue silk... nineteen fine half-tones and especially drawn line-cuts mark the new printing, also a dozen or so vignettes—all dressing the only text of its kind to be found in the united states...there is much new material, including a directory of carmel artists, a chronological list of carmel theatrical productions to date, and a revised bibliography.. would you read of "the passing of Ammonia Jack?" Would you care to hear the author's opinion of "Tamar" and other poems and cheeses? Inquire then of your bookseller; or send a dollar to

"S. A. R."

Box 274
Carmel-by-the-Sea

GOLDEN STATE

MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

SATURDAY

The Picture Sensation

"METROPOLIS"

Special Kiddies' Matinee
at 1:30 showing second chapter

"The Masked Menace"

SUNDAY

5 Acts Selected
Vaudeville

AND THEN

Douglas MacLean

in

"Soft Cushions"

MONDAY-TUESDAY

MARY ASTOR
GILBERT ROLAND

and selected cast in

"The Rose of the
Golden West"

from the original story

"The Rose of
Monterey"

Entire picture made here on
Monterey Peninsula

WEDNESDAY

ANNA Q. NILSSON

and

LEWIS STONE

—in—

"Lonesome Ladies"

THURSDAY-FRIDAY

ZANE GREY'S

"NEVADA"

A colorful picture of the old
West in all of its glory